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PAUL PEVENSEY;*

OR,

THE MAN FROM BELOW.

CHAPTER VI.

KATE PEVENSEY'S FIRST SORROWS.

Several weeks had now passed, during which Kate had in vain looked out, day after day, for the reappearance of her lover. At times she feared he might have fallen into some brook or pit that night, and that she should never see him more. But this was too shocking an idea to be believed. He might have been taken ill, or he might have been forced to go on a visit, or a thousand things might have occurred. But then, could he not have sent to tell her what happened? Have sent? How could he send? Had he written, she must have had somebody to read the letter. This idea grieved her exceedingly. "This," thought she, "is one of the bad things that come to people through ignorance. I WILL learn that I will, but who will show me how? Father can't read, nor mother—nobody can read hereabouts. I'll go to the parson, he can tell me, I dare say."

The very next Sunday morning, Kate dressed herself as smartly as possible, and a full hour and a half before church time, started for the Parsonage, not doubting in the least of a good reception. She knocked, and a very neat servant girl, who had once worked with her in the pit, but had

now taken to labour above ground, opened the door to her.

"Lor, Kate, who'd a thought of seeing you here. Do you want to speak to me?"

"No," answered Kate, "I want to speak to the parson if he isn't busy."

"No, he's just walking in the garden, so you can go out to him. Step this way. See, there he is with his little girl in his hand looking at those nice apples."

Kate felt a little flurried, because she didn't know how to explain herself. However, she knew she had come on a good errand, and therefore went with a light step down the path towards where the clergyman stood. As soon as she saw she had caught his eye, she began to curtsy, and feel exceedingly confused. But Mr. Williams, who knew all his parishioners, soon put her on good terms with herself, by saying:

"Well, Kate, where are you going this morning? Can I do anything for you?"

Mr. Williams was what is called a very nice old man, exceedingly mild and gentle, who, like most other clergymen, had a house full of children, and was very fond of them. He liked young people of all grades, and, as a matter of course, was much liked by them. It was this fact that emboldened Kate in the first instance, and now seeing his smiling little girl of about eleven years old in his hand, she

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felt comparatively small difficulty in laying her case before him.

"I am come to ask your advice, sir," said she.

"On what subject, Kate?"

"About reading and writing, sir. I've grown to be almost a woman——"

"Nay, quite a woman," interrupted the clergyman.

"Thank you, sir," answered Kate, blushing and curtsying. "Well, sir, I was saying, but really the whole matter is that I can't read and write. Now I want to learn; and I come, sir, if you please, sir, to ask you to tell me how to begin?"

"Why really, Kate," replied Mr. Williams, "I can hardly say; formerly, when we had fewer children, Mrs. Williams used to do a little in that way herself, but now she has no time, and my duties leave me, I am afraid, still less."

"Oh dear me, sir," exclaimed Kate, "I am sure you've no time to teach a person like me."

"Father!" exclaimed the little girl, "may I teach her?"

"Well said, Nancy," exclaimed her father, "you may teach her, and then she will be able to read the word of God and to know her duties."

"God bless you, Miss Nancy," exclaimed Kate, her eyes feeling a little moist with gratitude, "you're very kind, and I hope I shall be thankful."

"Oh, I am sure you will," said Nancy; "when will you begin?"

"Whenever you please, Miss," said Kate.

"I suppose you can't spare time in the week," said Mr. Williams, "so you had better come on the Lord's Day, and let this be the beginning of a Sunday school. I have long laboured to establish one, but until now in vain. There may be a blessing on your coming, Kate, as others will in all likelihood follow your example."

We have no intention of entering just now into the history of the Ulraven Sunday school, which really did spring, as Mr. Williams expected, from Kate Pevensey's desire to be able to read love letters. The necessity, however, proved to be imaginary; no letters ever came, or tidings of any kind; and, for the first time since her childhood, Kate began to feel dejected. The progress she made in learning, though very considerable, brought her no comfort. She had in her keeping a very

painful secret, which it would be beyond her power long to conceal from the world. There would, it is true, be nothing singular in her misfortune, except that she should feel all the weight of it, which most other collier girls did not. Her mind as it exercised itself gained strength; her emotions expanded; her hopes and fears were multiplied beyond reckoning. Yet while looking forward to one source of sorrow, she knew not that another lay far nearer.

Colliers pass their lives in an atmosphere of accidents and catastrophes, and stand so constantly on the brink of danger that they at length become familiar with it, and almost cease to fear.

In the month of November, when extraordinary mutations are said to take place in the atmosphere of this planet, Kate, on accompanying her father and mother one morning before day to the pit, observed an unusual number of shooting stars in the firmament. This phenomenon always suggests to the common people ideas connected with superstition. There are parts of the world in which the notion prevails that such meteors are so many fiery darts cast by celestial watchers against evil angels engaged in the attempt to scale the battlements of heaven.

This was too lofty and poetical a conception to enter into the minds of the Northumberland colliers. Probably they entertained the suspicion that the devil had something to do with the matter, though how much or how little they were not prepared to say.

Kate's father and mother agreed, as they went along, that the thing was awful, especially as the opinion prevailed that the appearance of these meteors in the heavens denoted the prevalence of more dangerous fires in the earth, where the phenomena of explosive dams seem to abound simultaneously with the increasing symptoms of a profuse infusion of electricity into those portions of space then traversed by the earth. There is a material though invisible principle, which seems to pervade all nature, whether organic or inorganic, and to operate in an inexplicable manner in giving birth to varied phenomena.

Possibly it is in obedience to this universal energy that the earth at times feels throes throughout its whole structure, and has its surface rent and shattered in a

manner known only to those whose studies or occupations lead them to descend beneath the crust of this planet. But however this may be decided, certain it is that the Pevenses, on reaching the coal pit in which they usually worked, found the air in an extraordinary state.

The safety lamp did not go out, but was affected in an unusual manner, and all the colliers appeared to be possessed by a presentiment that something was about to happen; but poor people so engaged have no leisure to consult their feelings, they must face danger from whatever cause it may arise, and put their lives in jeopardy every hour.

As the men, women, and young people distributed themselves to their various labours, that little under-ground world soon exhibited all the signs of life and activity; the getters, with pick axes in hand, were busily engaged in hewing out the coal from the seam; numerous boys and girls were piling it into the corves; others were hurrying these along the railways; while others, collected round the bull stake, were merrily laughing or launching jokes and gibes at each other. Numbers of both sexes, with panniers on their backs, were mounting the ladders, and the spirit of industry actively pervaded young and old.

Suddenly there was a concussion of the earth, followed by a noise resembling the discharge of artillery. The fire damp had exploded; large masses of rock and shale had fallen in upon the galleries, obstructing some, and utterly closing up others, burying men, women, and children beneath this subterranean avalanche.

When the damp exploded, Kate Pevensy, with two other young women, was working at the extremity of a long gallery with numerous branches. At first they were completely stunned, as by an electric shock acting upon the brain; and when they came to themselves, it was to find that they were buried in the bowels of the earth, which, in the convulsion that had taken place, had altered its character. Their lights had all been extinguished but one, which, accidentally placed in the crevice of a rock, still burnt dimly, as if to reveal to them the fearful situation in which they were placed.

The roof of the artificial cavern, from which the coal had been partly removed, had assumed a totally new aspect, exhibit-

ing rents and crevices, and vast masses of rock, which appeared to be every moment on the point of falling upon them. The floor, also, which had before been perfectly dry and level, now sloped considerably, and was on one side covered with water, which they discovered was rising, slowly, indeed, but steadily, so that the idea flashed upon their minds that they should in a short time be drowned by it.

No language can delineate the thoughts which now came pouring into Kate Pevensy's mind, depriving her, as similar ones seemed to deprive her companions, of the power of speech. They sat down stupidly, with their heads resting on their knees, uttering neither sigh nor groan, as if fearful of augmenting their agony by any external show of life. Each could hear the beating of her own heart, which leaped fearfully in her breast, but nothing else.

Upon Kate's mind there was a double terror. She bore in her breast another life—a thing which might have sprung to happiness and ample enjoyment in the world but for this accident; and now, should she after all die, and thus bury the token of her shame in everlasting oblivion. New feelings spring up in the mind, new ideas suggest themselves at such moments. Deep and dense clouds of ignorance, which from the cradle had enveloped her thoughts, seemed now to rise and float away, and to discover those tracts of existence by which this life is united to another infinite in duration and inexpressibly awful.

"Oh God!" exclaimed Kate, in the depth of her soul, "am I to perish just as I begin to see what it is to live?"

The clergyman's little daughter had talked to her of another life in a way more intelligible than it was spoken of in her father's sermons. He often used words that went beyond Kate's comprehension; but Nancy, with the instinct of a child, and with a child's limited vocabulary, had appealed to Kate's heart, and the fruit now appeared.

Had she never gone to the Parsonage she might have borne the blow that had fallen upon her with comparative apathy. The thinking powers had been aroused within her, and there was a confused chaos of ideas forced up out of the depths of her nature, and set in fearful activity by the powers of her imagination. She look-

ed upon the face of the water dimly discoverable by the lamp's rays, and saw it stretch away to the further side of the cavern, where it was lost in gloom. As she gazed, the lamp sent up a bright flash, and the next moment she was in total darkness. This small but unexpected event extorted from her a loud scream, which roused her companions from their torpor, and they now spoke to each other, and wailed and lamented together.

The thoughts of any one sitting or moving through the fresh air above ground cannot realise to itself the horrors of such a situation. Impending death, approaching slowly but perceptibly, giving, as it were, warning of his coming, and exciting all the powers of nature to hopeless resistance.

At length their wailing sunk into a moan, which continued to escape from them, till they felt the water covering the spot where they sat. They endeavoured to retire from it, but in vain. The whole floor was now flooded, and they beat their breasts and rent their hair in fear and agony. How time went they could not tell. The one devouring idea of death filled their minds, depriving them of all other forms of consciousness. The very hunger that gnawed them was unheeded, though it impaired their strength, and rendered them more susceptible of suffering, laying bare, as it were, every channel of their being to the influx of pain.

At length the water rose above their waists, upon which they felt frantically about for some fissure of the rock, into which they might creep, and thus prolong their wretched lives were it but for half an hour.

One of Kate's companions, named Sarah Day, at length discovered a sort of opening, into which she crept, and called upon the others to come after her. Directed by the voice, they waded through the water towards the spot, and, following her, found themselves able to proceed for a considerable distance.

At length they were stopped by the sound of water, rushing down like a mill-spout in front of them, and falling into a chasm of apparently immeasurable depth below. This froze the little hope which had begun to spring up in their breasts; they cautiously approached the spray, and listening attentively, Kate felt convinced

that the aperture through which the water descended was but narrow. She felt sure, therefore, that if the fissure by which they were proceeding extended beyond the waterfall, they might pass through the rushing torrent by assisting each other.

Giving one hand to her companions, she leaned over the abyss, until, fortunately, she could touch the rock on the opposite side; finding it was but a long step, she made a plunge through the cascade and lighted on the slippery ledge, where she had much difficulty to maintain her hold. She then encouraged her companions to follow, which, directed by her voice, they did in safety.

Advancing by the same opening, they at length perceived a glimmering of light descending through a deep shaft, which their experience soon taught them led to a deserted coal pit. It was perpendicular, and they could perceive a speck of sky studded with stars, though the light which came to them was, evidently, that of the day.

In no situation does hope entirely quit the human breast; it accompanies us everywhere, and is the sole companion, who enters with us the dark portals of death, and traverses that daily trodden but invisible tract which separates time from eternity.

Kate was half a pagan, and had a sort of worship of the stars. The sight of them, therefore, awakened life within her, and persuaded her that she should not die. With this belief came the sense of hunger; and, as the weary hours followed each other, they grew fainter and fainter, through lack of sustenance. At length voices were heard above, and though they were harsh and dissonant, to Kate's ear they sounded like the divinest melody, for life, with all that life holds dear, was in their tones. The girls united their three voices in a shout which ascended the shaft, and told their friends above that they were safe. Kate doubted not that her father's and mother's voices were among those she heard, and she now soon expected to be kissed and congratulated by them on her happy deliverance.

At length the necessary apparatus was brought, the chain descended with a basket at the end of it large enough to hold the three. Into this they soon got, and were speedily drawn up to the surface of the earth.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAN FROM BELOW APPEARS UPON
THE STAGE.

In the faces of those around her Kate Pevensey immediately learned that she and her two companions had not been the only sufferers. Thirteen bodies had already been dug out of the earth, among which were those of her father and mother. It could serve no useful purpose to describe Kate's feelings on hearing this news. Every child who has suddenly been bereaved of two parents at once will understand too well what she felt, and no other human creature can form any conception of it.

They were in due time laid in the grave, and the sorrows of Kate's life commenced in earnest. There is, however, one compensating power in poverty—it forces the miserable to labour, and there is nothing like physical exertion for blunting the sting of grief. The rich and unemployed writhe under the darts of calamity much longer than the poor, whom stern necessity teaches wisdom, and reconciles to the will of heaven. Kate returned to her work, because she had no choice, and her situation, which soon became apparent, rendered her an object of sympathy to some, and of derision to others. One satisfaction she felt—that Richard was not there to triumph over her. He had never been seen since the day on which he fought with her lover in the pit, and it was whispered about that he had enlisted for a soldier. Time went on; Kate worked hard, harder perhaps than she needed; and one morning in the following spring she came thither with a basket in her hand, and in the evening carried it back with a baby in it. She had been attended to and cared for by the women in the pit, who, with the sympathy and tenderness shown by their sex under all circumstances, assisted her home, and afterwards helped to maintain her till she could once more work for herself.

The little vagabond, who thus intruded himself upon the world, was called Paul—Paul Pevensey—the unlicked hero of our plebeian story. Of course he was pronounced on all hands to be a remarkably fine child, and, as he resembled his mother, we allow there was some truth in the ob-

servation, as Kate Pevensey was beautiful; and when neatly dressed on Sunday, with little Paul in her arms, she was admitted, even by the worst scandal-mongers in the neighbourhood, to be more beautiful than ever.

There is, all the world over, something extremely interesting in a young mother, no matter how she became so. The moral picture may be defective—may be painful and saddening, but the real physical woman, with her child on her knee or at her breast, forms a spectacle on which the devil himself might look with pleasure.

Poor Kate had, however, to work somewhat harder than usual to provide for herself and her incumbrance, as Paul was very significantly denominated—and an incumbrance we are sorry to say he was of the first magnitude, being as noisy, squalling, and greedy a brat as ever was born in a coal pit.

It more than once occurred to Kate that his father, in offering her the purse of gold, meant to provide for his maintenance, but she felt pleased and proud that she had not taken it.

"No," said she, "he shall not maintain him, unless he comes back to me; but I think he will come back, and if he does he shall be proud of little Paul—proud as I am. I wish, however, I knew his name, which I was a great fool not to ask, for then I could have called the boy after him, but now he must take my name, and be called Paul Pevensey, which, after all, is not a bad name.

"I wish, however, his father would come back, or write to me. I could read his letters now, thanks to dear Miss Nancy. Poor dear young lady, I have not seen her since my misfortune. I wonder what they say of me at the Parsonage? Oh, how ashamed I shall be to see the parson when I go, as some day I must, to christen Paul."

She still, however, deferred this necessary duty, and would perhaps have put it off for ever, but that Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who cherished the most kindly feeling towards the poor, one day called upon her, and told her she had better not add one sin to another by neglecting to make her child a member of the visible church. Kate blushed and cried a good deal; but at last said she would do so on the following Sunday, when a couple of honest

blackamoors stood godfather and god-mother.

A good deal of compassion was excited by the poor young woman's situation, for she toiled very hard, was exemplary in her conduct, and lived, in fact, entirely alone, except when at work in the pits, where she carried her child with her, and put him to sleep in a basket in some convenient spot, while she was engaged in labour.

As she sat at the cottage door on Sunday evening, or walked to and fro beside the brook where we once saw her so careless and happy, she excited the admiration of most of the passers-by, though some would sneer maliciously at her and the gentleman's brat.

By degrees the boy grew bigger, and no tidings coming of his father, Kate, however unwillingly, was, when some years had passed over her, compelled to take him down, and let him be employed in such offices as very little boys are capable of performing. He commenced his subterranean labours at the age of five; and being of a particularly active and mischievous disposition, he soon learned most of the tricks the colliers could teach him, and was above all things an adept in those flowers of rhetoric, which flourish most in coal pits, or in Billingsgate.

Kate was deeply grieved, but poverty silenced her objections, and hope whispered that she might some day be able to reclaim him and rise with him above the humiliating necessity of associating with people whom she secretly despised and disliked.

In blaming Kate, as we do for this—because the poor colliers do not make their own situation, and can hardly be said to be the authors of their own manners—we must not express our censure too harshly. Accident had projected her thoughts into a peculiar channel. She had conversed with an educated man; she had heard of a sort of life which appeared to her as far above the one she led, as the flowery meadows are above the lowest gallery ever opened in a coal pit; and we cannot wonder that she should have experienced some repugnance to mingle with the rude and too frequently vicious persons, who pass their lives habitually beneath the earth.

Society owes this subterranean population more care than has ever been bestowed

on it. But people easily reconcile themselves to this negligence. When a man takes to delving in the bowels of the earth, and puts on the devil's livery, we cease to think of him as a Christian, and can hear with surprising equanimity of his having been suffocated by choke damp, or scorched to death, or blown into the air by fiery and explosive gasses. Time may do something for him and for us. He requires to be educated, and made conscious of his own humanity; and we also require to be educated, that we may be taught properly to recognise it.

It is one of the hardest things that can be proposed to man, to detect the dignity of his own species under unfavourable circumstances; to discover the divinity that may lurk in rags; to behold the splendours of an immortal soul beaming through dirt and the more opaque crust of ignorance; to experience a hearty and irresistible sympathy for the wretched, the old, the ugly, the vicious, the degraded; and to put undoubting faith in that universal benevolence, which descends from the spheres of heaven, and embraces every living creature in its bosom.

All this, however, we must do, and do cheerfully, if we would vindicate our claim to be called civilised. Civilisation is not the confounding of ranks and distinctions, but the recognition of humanity for its own sake in spite of them.

There is a difference wide as the world between the fastidious manikin who bejewelled and beperfumed shrinks from his humbler fellow creatures, and desires to remain in ignorance of what they are called upon to suffer and endure, and the man of larger heart who yearns towards everything that has life, and would encircle it with a blessing if he could. We know where allegorically the poles of existence are placed. The one illuminating heaven; the other shedding additional gloom through hell. Between these two extremes we oscillate, and it is easy to see which we approach when we unfeignedly love our species.

Kate, however, though naturally affectionate, or rather we should perhaps say, because naturally affectionate, shrank from the uncouth repulsive ragamuffins by whom she was habitually surrounded, and longed earnestly to associate with persons more agreeable. This wish was

greatly strengthened by observing the effects of their example in Paul, who, in spite of all her watchfulness, learned to swear and use all manner of offensive expressions. This was the more surprising in that his employment kept him much alone. He was stationed by an air door, where for twelve hours a day he sat in darkness and solitude, except when a collier passed and swore at him to augment his watchfulness. Paul usually returned the compliment. The boys and young women would likewise tease him in their turns, and initiate him in those audacious expressions, for which colliers are celebrated.

In this improving occupation Paul continued for two years and six or seven months, when an accident occurred, which gave a new direction to his talents.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAN FROM BELOW BEGINS TO FIGURE IN THE UPPER WORLD.

Paul was one day amusing himself, no one knows how, because he was enveloped in total darkness, but his recreation was so absorbing that he omitted to close the air trap at the proper moment. The consequences were terrific. The deleterious gasses thus allowed a free passage, accumulated rapidly in certain portions of the works, and an explosion was the result.

Seven men and four boys were killed upon the spot; numbers of others were severely scorched, and two or three, who happened to be ascending the shaft at the moment, were literally blown into the air by the damp in its escape upwards.

Kate was at work in a distant gallery, beyond the reach of the destructive gasses, but as soon as the account reached her of what had taken place, she ran in search of her child, who, however, was no where to be found; at first the distracted mother concluded he had been killed with the rest, but when the bodies of all the sufferers were brought together, his was not found among them. Our object is not to dwell on unpleasant things, for which reason we shall not give expression to the feelings of Kate Pevensey, but leave her to pursue her humble avocation in loneliness and sorrow, to follow the fortunes of Paul.

When the young trapper had, by his negligence, occasioned the catastrophe above spoken of, which filled many cottages with mourning, and added several widows and fatherless children to the unfortunate population of the district, the fear of punishment took possession of his mind, and he resolved to quit the field of his underground achievements to figure among the inhabitants of the upper world. Cautiously watching his opportunity, he groped his way down the dark galleries, and creeping up the ladders of the oblique shaft, came out upon the heath just as night had set in.

He knew he had occasioned the death of many persons, and was so much afraid of returning to Ulraven, that he would not even so much as try to see his mother before he ran away. The idea never suggested itself that she might be among the sufferers. It was too horrible. Still he could not make up his mind to go home, the terror which possessed him being so strong that he did not at first shed a tear. With a little stick in his hand, he struck off in a direction exactly opposite to that leading to the village, and was soon out far upon the moor.

It was, unluckily, a winter's night, and the sky, clear at first, became overcast—the cold was piercing, and Paul, accustomed to the telluric heat, in which the underground people pass their lives, shivered, and experienced the extremity of discomfort. At length the snow began to fall, and the wretched little urchin, who had escaped so many dangers beneath the earth, now bade fair to be frozen to death upon its surface. Of course it was exceedingly dark, because the moor for some time absorbed the snow, and prevented the appearance of that white glimmer which the earth usually emits when wrapt in this soft covering.

Luckily for our little vagabond he had entered upon a part of the country in which there were no coal pits, otherwise the thread of this narrative might have been snapped that night.

He was very thinly clad, having nothing on but canvas trowsers, a shirt, a ragged woollen jacket, and a skull-cap. The shirt itself was an unusual luxury, only to be accounted for by the extra carefulness of Kate, whose love for her boy induced her to innovate on pit customs. The snow-

flakes insinuated themselves under his collar, and melting upon his neck trickled down over his back and breast. His teeth chattered, and the whole surface of his body became painfully contracted. The recollection of his mother's warm fireside came into his mind. He thought too, how frightened she would be, how much she would miss him, how she would grieve, and he began to cry. But the snow continued falling noiselessly till the whole earth felt softer than an Axminster carpet.

Educated people have often very agreeable associations with snow, which supplies poets with so many exquisite similes, and confers beauty on the most savage and desolate places. But to be out in it, cold and hungry, is anything but agreeable. It comes to us usually on the wings of winter, and I dare say augments the brightness of our planet, as beheld from Jupiter or Saturn. But these ideas bring no warmth with them to the wretch who goes splash, splash, through the wet snow on a moor, or who hears his feet sinking through the crackling, dry crust when the frost has begun to bake it.

Properly speaking, however, Paul Pevensey had no ideas at all but such as were connected with the coal pit, the cupboard, and the fireside. He felt like an icicle endowed with consciousness and locomotion, and went on sobbing and whimpering he knew not in what direction. He would have been but too happy to have lighted on a pig-sty just then, or any hole into which he might have crept. From time to time he sat down on a stone, and determined to remain there till morning, but the severity of the cold was fortunately too strong for his resolution, otherwise he might have dropped off into a longer sleep than he reckoned on. To maintain some warmth in his frame, he was compelled to keep himself in motion, and at length he had the satisfaction to observe that the snow became thinner and thinner, and at length ceased entirely.

But that which at first appeared to be an advantage soon proved quite the contrary, for a wind which blew pins and needles soon sprang up, and appeared to enter Paul's system by every pore. The snow had soaked him thoroughly, and the breeze, in its attempts at desiccation, exhibited intolerable pungency, and made Paul earnestly wish for a renewal of the snow.

Never did Arcturus or Orion look down upon a more desolate little devil than he appeared at that moment, his frozen canvas breeches excoriating his legs, and his shirt and soaked jacket clinging to him like a dish clout to a stone post at an inn door.

Had Paul, however, been in a condition to admire the picturesque, he might have been vastly amused by the strange magnificence of nature at that hour. The whole canopy of the firmament was sprinkled with huge diamonds, almost liquid with brightness, and the varied face of earth, sinking, swelling, here covered with pin-nacled crags, there with trees on which feathers appeared to grow, on one spot bearded with sparkling rushes, and on another intersected with dark streams into which heaven seemed to descend with all its stars.

On such nights Nature generally has it all to herself. Man prefers his fireside or his warm feather bed, where tucked snugly under three blankets, a sheet, and a counterpane, he half dreams of the snow drifts which beat against his window-panes, or the icy blasts which go howling over the roof. Paul, of course, had very little notion of luxuries, but he had experienced what it is to sleep in a comfortable bed, which enabled him to feel all the force of the contrast. His mother's arms, which usually encircled him in his slumbers, and her bosom, on which his little head had so often rested, were less white than the round knolls which now lay before him, perfect in their shape, but frightful to him as the Gorgon's visage. In the sky and on the earth he discovered nothing but horror, and had it been practicable he would gladly have gone back to the coal pit, and borne whatever punishment his carelessness might have brought upon him. It is thus with us all. The man who finds himself at sea in a storm, when the whole surface of the globe seems to have lost its equilibrium, wishes he had never quitted the solid shore, even though he be escaping from Newgate or the hulks. Everything seems better than that which he then feels.

Had the reader beheld Paul at that moment, he would certainly not have thought him worth writing about. He looked like a conglomerate of canvas and brown rags stuck on a stick, and set in motion by

the wind. He was a very little fellow, not quite eight years old, delicately formed, but of a robust constitution, which enabled him to bear up against the rigours of that winter's night. But cold and hunger were pressing hard upon him, and not being at all heroic, he cried most bitterly. At length, through his tears, he thought he saw something like a light. But if so, it was a great way off, for it showed at times and then seemed lost in the general glare of the atmosphere. By degrees it became more bright and distinct, and he felt convinced it must proceed from a cottage window, erected by some charitable soul in that unsheltered region.

Presently he heard the barking of a dog, a sound most grateful to the ear of the individual who has lost his way at night. This was followed by another far more disagreeable, perfectly new to Paul's ear, but appalling wherever and whenever listened to. It was a roar that seemed to ascend out of the snowy earth, unlike anything he had ever heard; loud, hoarse, terrific, uttered as it were in fits by some creature of enormous size and power. The sound that then broke upon Paul's ear is never made audible to any living creature without dread. It requires no experience to give it force. Instinct is its interpreter, and it scares equally man and beast.

Paul trembled like a leaf, and felt as though the earth were about to open and swallow him, but observing that the object of his terror did not approach, he concluded that it could not, and cautiously ventured to move still nearer towards the light. Several dogs now gave tongue at once, and were answered by other animals who yelped, and yelled, and roared in chorus—a sort of concert in which Beelzebub might have taken pleasure. Paul now guessed like a Yankee, that, however noisy they might be, they could not get out, and therefore continued to approach nearer and nearer, till he saw several kinds of wooden buildings, resting on wheels, standing close to each other.

We will not answer for it that he applied his knowledge of arithmetic on the occasion, and very exactly counted the strange vehicles, but we, who are under covenant to be particular, must not omit to perform that interesting operation, and communicate the result to the reader. As nearly as can be computed, there were

nine vans, which were ranged so as to form three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth being covered by a platform, with painted canvas hangings, meant, we presume, to be contemplated by the elfs and hobgoblins of the moor, or by those sightless coursers of the air, which are known to have a particular affection for the fine arts. The whole of the quadrangle was snugly covered by an awning of tarpaulin, under which a number of horses were comfortably stalled, as Paul inferred from several unseasonable neighs which broke forth at intervals, startling the dull ear of night. At another time our little ragamuffin of a hero might, in his own choice phraseology, have been awfully flabbergasted at the sight of this outlandish structure; as it was, it made little impression upon him, except to excite in his thinking apparatus some hopes of shelter.

The barking of the dogs became louder and more fierce as he drew near, and at length he heard a door open, and saw a man muffled in a shaggy great coat come out upon a sort of balcony to reconnoitre. He immediately discovered Paul moving through the snow, and in a voice anything but gentle, cried—

"What the devil are you doing there, you young blackguard?"

Paul stood still, but he had been used to rough greetings, and immediately mustering up courage, replied,

"I have lost my way, and am almost dead with cold, and hunger."

"What brought you out here, you young thief, on such a night as this?"

"Why, I don't know exactly;" here he stopped, and was going to invent some tolerably decent lie, when the man, who did not much relish the night air, bawled out to him, "Never mind your gammon, you young vagabond; but be sharp, come up; see, there's the steps, and I'll stow you away somewhere for the night."

"Not, I hope, before you'll give me something to eat?" said Paul.

"To be sure not," answered the man, "though you are a pretty impudent chap."

Paul was so stiff with cold and wet that he could hardly crawl up the ladder, which the man had dignified with the name of steps, and seeing him somewhat long about it, his friend seized him with the gripe of a tiger by the shoulder, lifted him up, and pitched him right into the caravan.

The lamp, whose friendly light had directed him to that place of refuge, no sooner revealed his appearance to the showman, for such was his occupation, than he exclaimed—

"Oh, oh! one of the folks from below. It will take a hog'shead of water to bring you to a Christian colour! So you have run away from some pit, have you? Of course you are not the first little black-guard I have seen cutting from that sort of life. There's a snack of bread and cheese for you—turn to and bolt it; and then there's some clean straw in the corner into which you can creep, and make yourself comfortable."

"I am very wet," said Paul.

"Aye, aye; I had forgotten that. Here, my hearty; here's a flannel petticoat for you; peel and creep into it, and then there's something else to keep you warm," throwing him an old great coat. He then opened a little cupboard, and taking out a large square bottle and a small glass, filled the latter, and handed it to Paul, saying—

"Here's a nightcap for you, my boy. Come, don't make faces, down with it—it's capital stuff for a cold night."

Paul, however, had never fasted gin before; with beer he was tolerably familiar, but this was a novelty. He tried to swallow it, but its fiery strength seemed to take away his breath.

"Sir," said he at length, "I can't drink it."

"What, not used to the thing, aye? Well, I should have thought it would have been like mother's milk to you. Sip it, my boy, sip it. But bear a hand, for it's infernal cold, and I want to be in bed again."

Paul, by degrees, achieved the task, and comforted by the artificial warmth, and the liberal allowance of bread and cheese, wrapped himself up in the petticoat and great coat, crept into the straw, and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER IX.

PAUL'S FIRST LESSON IN ZOOLOGY.

Paul was awakened next morning by a very different kind of music from that which he had heard over night. This was

the voices of children proceeding from the other end of the caravan, divided off by a thin partition from the place where he had slept.

There were three or four of them, some laughing, some crying, while the mother was engaged in washing and dressing them. The man was there also, and when there was a little lull in the screaming, he overheard him say,

"I tell thee, Mary, he is the queerest and blackest little devil thee hast ever seen."

"But where's he going?" inquired the wife.

"Why, no where to be sure," answered the man, "he's just running away anywhere, he doesn't know nothing about the world, and it would have been all up with him before this, if he had not lighted on our establishment."

"But you will send him back, William, of course."

"No! indeed, I shan't do no such thing," answered the husband; "if he likes to mind the beasts, for instance, the monkeys, he may make himself useful; and I don't see no reason why we should not take to him. A few pails of water will make him white, and I can buy him some cheap tog-gery at the next town."

"But his poor mother," cried the wife.

"How do I know he has one," answered the husband; "if he has, I dare say she has plenty of others. However, he may just take his own way, and if he likes to go I will take him, that's flat."

"Well, you know best, William, but I hope no mischief will come of it."

Instead of making any reply, the showman came out to Paul's dormitory, and, in a somewhat loud and gruff voice, cried, "Get up, young blackamoor, and come in here, and show yourself."

Paul started, and rolled briskly out of the straw, according to orders, wrapping the petticoat tight about him.

The garment had seen considerable service, and here and there allowed patches of his dusky epidermis to appear, and at the same time let in the cold morning air, which made the young netherworlder shiver and set all his white teeth chattering.

"You're confoundedly nash," said the showman, his face relaxing into a grin. "I suppose you're used to turn the spit

for the old'un, and so you ain't comfortable in this here natural air above ground."

Paul's sense of the ridiculous had been much cultivated by the folks below, but he was too cold and miserable to smile, so he crept, at the heels of the showman, into what we must call the next room, looking as grim as any imp could look. At the sight of his black visage peeping above the ragged petticoat, the bigger children set up a scream, and clung round their mother's knees, while the baby she was nursing threw its little arms round her neck, and looked back askance at Paul over its shoulder.

Mrs. Wilkinson herself, a merry good-natured woman, though she compassionated the little runaway urchin, could not repress the rising inclination to laugh as he stood before her, tucking her petticoat about him, with one sable elbow stuck out through a hole, and his chin resting on the upper part to keep it from dropping off. Paul himself felt his risibility awakened at the sight of Mrs. Wilkinson's jocund countenance, and, in broad collier accents, said, instinctively putting on an arch expression of countenance,

"It's nation queer, ain't it ma'am?"

Wilkinson, who was a sort of peripatetic philosopher, threw into his large bluff countenance an air of mock gravity, and stood looking down upon the group with a sort of regal superiority.

One of his little girls, half in fear and half in affection, had approached his side, where she stood peeping at Paul, with the forefinger of her left hand in her mouth, and her right arm thrown round her father's gigantic leg as about a pillar.

"It's nation queer, ain't it, ma'am?" observed Paul. This inquiry, delivered in the choicest subterranean tone, and with an infinitely comic expression of countenance, completely let loose the flood-gates of laughter. Mrs. Wilkinson led off, her husband joined, and then all the children, though some of them had been ready to cry before, augmented the riotous cachinnation.

"Ha, ha, ha, hee, hee, hee, oh, oh, oh," was repeated seventeen times in every variety of accent and intonation, Paul himself heartily assisting. If we were not ourselves too old and grave to laugh, we should at this point of the narrative lay down our pen, poke our fire, and invite the screech owl, who is at this moment seren-

nading the moon from the top of our kitchen chimney, to join us in imitating the Wilkinsons, but, as we have said, laughter is extinct within us.

Of course we were merry formerly in the reign of George III, when people appeared to laugh more heartily than they do in these degenerate days.

Laughter, properly speaking, went out when steam came in. There is a gravity in the clap of a steam engine, and a rapidity in its motion, which repress our rising inclination to laugh, and bid us hold our tongues, and be earnest, and try to keep pace with time. One, indeed, has no leisure to be merry in these days of business and bustle. While foolish people are laughing and holding their hands on their sides to keep their ribs in their places, fortune slips by, and they have not so much as a finger at liberty with which to lay hold of her skirts. We, therefore, reflecting maturely on all these things, have given up laughter as an obsolete amusement, which might have been allowable enough in barbarous times, but is wholly out of keeping with our present high state of civilisation. This was clearly foreseen by a great genius of the last century, who laid it down as a rule that no gentleman ought to laugh, the utmost approach we should make to that savage enjoyment being a well-regulated smile. Smiling itself, however, has now become an antiquated indulgence; and it is to be hoped by the next generation that people will have lost the use of those muscles which co-operate in producing this distortion of countenance. Perfect wisdom is synonymous with repose; consequently the wise man should avoid that disturbance of his system which is occasioned by all sorts of grinning.

When the explosion was over, Wilkinson, looking inquisitively at his wife, said,

"Well, Mary, what do you think of him?"

"Why, I think, to be sure, he is a funny little chap," answered she, turning away her eyes from his ragged integument, that she might not again disturb, morally speaking, both the centre and circumference of gravity; "a very funny little chap who will answer main well for the monkeys."

"Catechise him," said Wilkinson, "you can do these things best, and I should like you to be of my mind in the matter."

"What's your name?" said Mrs. Wilkinson, looking Paul in the face.

"Paul, ma'am," answered he.

"Paul what?"

"Paul Pevensey, ma'am."

"Pevensey. Why that's a fine name. Where did you get it? Who is your father?"

"Don't know, ma'am, never saw him."

Mrs. Wilkinson and her husband exchanged looks, and the former shook her head.

"Well, where's your mother?"

"She works in the coal pit," answered Paul, "a long way from here by the village."

"What village?"

Paul thought this might be preparatory to taking him back, so he immediately put in practice one of the accomplishments of his education, and replied:

"Don't know, ma'am."

"Don't know, you little scapegrace, you can't cram me with that, you must know well enough, but I suppose you've done some mischief, very likely stolen something, and don't want to go home."

"No, indeed," cried Paul, putting on a very rueful countenance, "I never stole nothing in all my born days."

"Don't tell me," exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson, "you've stolen something, or done some other mischief, or else you would not have run away, so out with it, let's hear the worst, or else my husband there shall take you back."

"I couldn't show him the way," said Paul, "and maybe he would't know it himself."

"Well, you'd better make a clean breast of it," said the woman, coaxingly, "we don't mean to do you no harm."

Thus encouraged, Paul frankly related all that had happened, cried a good deal, and earnestly begged both Wilkinson and his wife not to take him back. He had often been beaten by the colliers before, and was afraid that after what had happened they would kill him.

The showman was not much of a caustic, and as he thought Paul might be useful, he resolved to keep him. On this decision being communicated to Paul, his face brightened, and he gave vent to his gratitude in sundry phrases, which need not be recorded.

Mrs. Wilkinson gave him a pail of warm water, and sent him to perform his ablutions in the vestibule, which had served him as a dormitory, whilst she hung his garments to dry before the fire.

The internal economy of the caravan is somewhat difficult to be described, but as Paul seems likely to be located in it for some time, we shall attempt the task. On one side there was a neat convenient fireplace, constructed something like a continental stove, but open in front to give out that cheerful blaze, without which an Englishman's moral economy would be congealed in winter. It was now brightly burning, and the flames were doing their utmost to extract music out of a tin teakettle, placed comfortably on the top of the grate, quite willing to receive their warm embraces, to which it had long been used. It was just beginning to sing as Paul retired, and he was wide enough awake to know what that signified, so he used the soap and flannel with a promptitude and celerity which indicated that he was very ready for breakfast.

A small deal table stood in one corner of the room, together with four chairs, which, with the nursing chair on which Mrs. Wilkinson sat, constituted the bulk of the furniture. Over the table there hung a sort of safe, containing what Paul significantly denominated grub; together with a certain number of cups and saucers, plates, knives and forks, and generally whatever was wanted at Mr. Wilkinson's table. At the further end of the room, which was larger than most persons would expect, was a pile of bedding and bed clothes tied up in a counterpane, and suspended from the roof by cords. Underneath stood a row of boxes, which contained the wardrobe and wealth of the family, except such great coats, shawls, &c., as hung upon pegs, against what by courtesy we may call the wall.

Mr. Wilkinson, dressed in stout fustian, with a check shirt, and a low cap on his head, which he wore equally in or out of doors, now made himself useful in getting ready the breakfast, while Mary finished the brats.

When Paul's externals appeared to have imbibed a sufficient quantity of caloric, he pitched them into him, observing aside to his wife as he did so, "The little devil has a black shirt."

"Be sharp," said he to Paul, "and we will give you some lining to your jacket."

When our hero had got into his habili-

ments, he came into the parlour—we like high sounding appellations—and Mrs. Wilkinson could not help exclaiming,

"Good gracious, well I declare, Wilkinson, he is a fine boy. What a difference a little soap and water does make. But, Paul, do you never comb your hair? Why your head looks like a furze bush; but never mind just now. I dare say you are hungry enough. I'll lend you a comb after breakfast, and then, I vow, I think you'll look like a Christian."

Paul, who had not been accustomed to elegant society, was quite overwhelmed by these compliments from a person he looked upon as very superior.

Mrs. Wilkinson had reserved the making of the tea to herself. She now, therefore, took down the caddy, put four spoonfulls of bohea into the pot, an extra one, kind soul, for Paul, and pouring a little boiling water upon it, closed the lid, and let it stand while she cut the bread and butter.

Wilkinson himself had stepped out to look after his assistants, who were about to begin the feeding of the beasts. These obstreperous foreigners, as soon as they began to smell their breakfast, set up a variety of yells and howls of joy; even the boa constrictor mingling a loud hiss in the concert. Paul started.

"Don't be afraid, my boy," said Mrs. Wilkinson, "it's only the beasts getting their breakfast—they won't come in here to harm you."

"Oh, I shall get used to them," cried Paul, to whom the children began to be reconciled. He tried to play with them, but hardly knew how, he had been so used to sit in a hole in the rock, or to enter into the horse-play of the young colliers. Besides, to tell the truth, he could not help thinking of his mother, about whom he had been dreaming in the night. He thought she kissed him, and from her large dark eyes dropped tears upon his little face. He awoke with a start to find himself in the straw, wrapt up in Mrs. Wilkinson's petticoat, but not knowing how soon he should have to turn out into the snow. The children of the poor learn philosophy betimes, but, possibly, they have their feelings. At any rate, Paul had some notion just now that he loved his mother, Kate Pevensey, whom it was difficult to see without loving.

He contrasted her in his mind with Mrs.

Wilkinson, who, however, was a very nice person in her way, and much about his mother's age, that is to say, about six-and-twenty. She was a tall, florid, fair-haired woman, rather neatly dressed in a bright stuff gown, open, as nurses' should be, in front, with a snow white muslin handkerchief passed round her neck, and drawn in numerous folds over her bosom. She had a pretty lace cap, which sat jauntily on the back of her head, while her hair, at which the baby had been pulling, fell in confused masses over her neck. Mrs. Wilkinson's eyes were blue—bright blue, and had an expression of kindness and tenderness in them, which won Paul's heart completely.

Wilkinson soon returned, and the deal table having been drawn close to the stove, they at once began breakfast, while the fire, which had just been freshly poked, diffused a pleasant glow through the room.

Wilkinson's talk was of lions, tigers, panthers, and what not. He handed Paul a liberal supply of bread and butter, and bade him fire away, for there was nothing to be done in this world without grub. His protégé he soon found was nothing loath to obey his injunctions, for the sorrows of childhood are, happily, no match for its appetite. Paul, therefore, bolted like a puma, and Wilkinson complimented him on his powers of doing business in that line.

"That's not amiss, Master Paul," said he. "I'm thinking you'll do—there, don't be bashful, lay hold of the staff of life. Keep going, my boy—there's nothing like it. I can eat above a bit myself this cold morning. But you don't manage the tea, somehow. Ain't you used to wet your whistle below ground?"

"It's too hot," said Paul.

"Well, that is a joke," answered Wilkinson, "too hot; why, what's the saucer for. Don't you know the use of them articles? Just look at little Fanny there—can't you do as *she* does? Give it a good stir and pour it into your saucer, and it will go down like mother's milk. There you are, exactly. I see you'll do well enough when you're used to it."

In this way Mr. Wilkinson encouraged the boy, to whom he had taken a sort of liking, "merely from the cut of his jib."

After he had breakfasted, he took him into the several vans to see the beasts

which, having been fed, were now lying down in that quiet and composed state which accompanies the first process of digestion.

Paul's attention was particularly attracted by a magnificent tigress, which was suckling two young ones. Every one of the animals seemed astonishing to him; but the Bengal lady was the most astonishing of all. She looked like a gigantic cat, and purred, and appeared so pleased, as she performed her matronly office, that she won Paul's heart entirely.

"That," said he to Mr. Wilkinson, "is a wonderful cat! Well, I never seed no such thing in my life! Can I smooth her?"

"Cat!" cried Wilkinson, "why, it is a tigress, you young fool; and if you was to touch her, she would just snap off your head in no time!"

"My eyes!" cried Paul, "is she so cursed as that?"

"No, it's her nature," said Wilkinson.

"I should like to feed them young uns! Do they eat?"

"Just a little," answered Wilkinson, "and you may take to the job if you like, only mind and keep out of the reach of the old one, or else she will gobble you up in a brace of shakes."

(To be continued.)

THE SOLDIER.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH OF H. C. ANDERSEN, BY MRS. BUSHBY.

The drums are beating with a muffled sound—
How long the way seems to yon fatal ground!
Would all were over, and he were at rest!
My heart is breaking, bursting in my breast!
I had in this wide world one only friend;
'Tis he, who to his doom of death they send,
With music's clanging strains and martial show.

And I—paraded with the rest—must go!

For the last time God's sun doth he behold;
Soon, soon for him will all be dark and cold!
And now he kneels, and now his eyes they bind:

Oh! may his soul eternal mercy find!

The nine have fired, not one without a sigh:
Eight of the whizzing balls have passed him by.
One only took sure aim of all the nine—
The ball that struck him in the heart was—
mine.

* This little poem, "Soldaten," was recently pointed out to the translator by Andersen himself as one of his favourites. It has been translated into German by the poet Adelbert von Chamisso; but the above translation is from the original, not from the German.

ACTUAL POSITION OF AFFAIRS ON THE RIVER PLATE.

COLONIA.

(Extract from an Officer's Letter.)

Since your departure from this land of cut-throats, affairs on the Monte Videan side have gone altogether to ruin. General Rivera, by an imprudent advance upon Paysandu, lost everything, not only the latter city, which was soon retaken, but also Salto, Mercedis, Somino, Higginitos, Las Vacas, and, indeed, every other town and village of the least importance; the whole line of the Uruguay fell into Oribe's hands in the course of a few weeks, Salto and Paysandu being the only places where resistance was offered, or anything like fighting shown. The towns of Colonia, Monte Video, and Maldonado, are the only places remaining, and they, of course, remain in our possession, by means of the Anglo-French force, but provisions have become enormously dear, supplies of cattle being intercepted by the Blanquillos; this place in particular has been sadly reduced. Famine and fever of a very bad kind have been raging for some time; the ships, I am sorry to say, have not wholly escaped. The *Comus* has been very sickly, better than one half of her complement laid up with fever at one time, six of her men died, and the *Alecto*, notwithstanding her superior ventilation and size, has suffered much. Upwards of twenty cases of fever have occurred, and two have died. The French ships have also been unhealthy, and suffered in proportion. It is not difficult to account for fever here, when we take into consideration the dissolute habits of the men, their exposure to the direct rays of the sun, and to the night dews; besides the retentive nature of the soil, and powerful heat of the sun, the filthy habits of the people, the want of sewers and drains, the vicinity of lagoons or marshes, of cess-pools, the contaminated atmosphere, the confined nature of the place, may be all considered predisposing and exciting causes of the Colonia fever. It has been of a very bad kind, resembling the typhus fever at home. The lower animals have also suffered, particularly dogs and sheep; at no other period of the war has there been so much distress and destitution at Colonia—but to proceed with General Rivera. I must inform you that he made good his retreat from Mucides to Maldonado, and thence to the Mount by water, taking with him a few dozen followers. The government, afraid of another outbreak and revolution, similar to the disgraceful one of April '46, allowed him quietly to proceed to Martin Garcia, where he has been till lately organising and collecting his scattered forces; it is intended to send him and his troops to Maldonado

The Basque troops have refused fighting under Rivera; they were disbanded by him at Paysandu, owing to their licentious conduct; indeed Rivera is just as unpopular now as he was popular when you were here. We were up the Uruguay the greater part of the time, during Rivera's disastrous operations and retreats, and we took an active part in the preservation of life and property, no matter who they were. Refugees of all kinds and conditions found an asylum on board this ship, even the lady and family of General Rivera found it convenient to take advantage of a British steamer of war, indeed, the scene of destitution and disease witnessed by us during our last trip up the Uruguay have been truly harrowing. We have been protecting this place, Colonia, for better than two months, the *Comus* being almost useless on account of the number of her sick, but no Blanquillo can possibly approach within three miles of the town as long as the *Alecto's* long gun can command the entrance. Previously to our entrance the Blancos were in the habit of making nocturnal attacks upon the town; and General Mudina once narrowly escaped being taken, he lost, however, his trousers, which has caused many a joke against him ever since. Now I must tell you that Maldonado is not a whit better than Colonia. We have been to Maldonado since your departure, and I felt interested in the place: the granite mountains, the isolated hills, the masses of sand, the green patches of sward, the cactus and tall poplar trees, and then the lofty tower and church of the town of Maldonado, impress the place upon the memory, but the town is in reality surrounded by the enemy, the cattle have been driven into the interior, and starvation and disease make progress as here. The custom house has been plundered before our eyes, and whole bales of Manchester goods walked off with. The scene was very animating indeed. The Gouchus made smart work with the bales, fastening the end to their saddles, galloped off, unravelling the bale as they proceeded; in this way a pennant of some hundred yards in length was observed streaming from each horse. Mr. Ousely and the French minister are, I believe, still determined on prosecuting the war. A new minister is daily expected from England, and I trust before long this petty, paltry affair, will be terminated—the affair is becoming more and more tiresome every day. A scarcity of provisions prevailing, the station has become more disagreeable than ever. The commodore and Mr. Ousely, by all accounts, don't pull well together. They have each their respective agents employed up the river. Of course the reports of

the two functionaries to government must be contradictory. Our respected captain has lost considerably in political consequence in the good opinion of the minister; so has Captain —; their reports of General Rivera's transactions being most unfavourable to that general.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO HIGHGATE CEMETERY.

I sat amid a mass of monuments,
Within the lonely precincts of a spot
Sacred to death. It was a lovely place,
Although a place of tombs; and from each
vault

That yawn'd around me, seem'd to burst a
voice

Of warning, mystery, and woe. I sat
Lonely and silent, for my heart was sad;
Nor loved, thus buried in these sable thoughts,
To commune with the living and the gay.

It was a lovely place, and everywhere
Nature had donn'd her richest garb, and deck'd
The fields, the woods, the valleys, and the
heaths,

With her own verdure. Springtime, too, it was,
And the luxuriant Earth team'd with the spoils
That Time had heap'd upon her vernal lap,
And dazzled with the riches of her wealth
The eye that gazed upon her floral beauties.
It was a lovely spot; and from its brow,
High-raised upon a woody eminence,
I looked upon a Babylon of buildings,
That spread, with a gigantic vastness round
On every side; and, from its centre, rose,
Like a presiding genius of the place,
Grand and magnificent, a solemn fane.

It was the city of a mighty realm,
And at her feet was laid the wealth of nations.
For from the orient to the western clime,
From frozen Obi to the southern zone,
Admiring peoples thither flock, and bring,
In fearless confidence, their merchandise;
There pay their grateful homage of respect,
And own the greatness of her boundless sway.
And as I viewed with wonder, I could hear
A mingled murmur as the distant hum
Of multitudes; and the sound fell and rose,
As ever and anon the busy wind
Swept o'er the plain, and hasted to the hills.

Again I looked, and up the winding steep,
Slow moving, passed a melancholy train:
The gloomy hearse, with nodding plume that
mock'd

With show of pageantry this saddened scene,
First came, and carriages in long array;
And then the mourners, who must take a part
In this sad act, although they have no heart,
No disposition for such sorrow; then
The friends, who once in life were held so true,
Perhaps they now may shed a passing tear
Of grief unfeign'd, but soon to be dried up
In the warm welcome of another's smiles,
Or cold forgetfulness of him that was.

It was the springtime; and the tribes of men
That issued from the great eternal city,
Amid the haunts of mourning and decay,
To wander and to view these shadowy vaults,
Were clad in gay attire; and as they came
And went, their bursts of laughter and of mirth
Rang thro' the hollow caverns of the dead,
And seem'd with awful sacrilege to wake
The mournful echoes of the peaceful tomb.
There was a stern reality in all
They saw and witness'd, yet they passed along
Unheeding, as tho' it were a dream
To live or die, or that the future brought
No weal nor woe, or that the grave had not
In mystic darkness wrapp'd terrors enough
In mere anticipation to forbid
The rude and boisterous laughter of the soul;
Or that stern Death were but a grisly phan-
tom,
Which Fancy in a reverie creates
To terrify weak minds, and sickly spread
A melancholy humour o'er the heart.
It was a marvel that they all could trip
So lightly o'er the brink of that dread grave,
Into whose chasm soon themselves must fall,
And sport, and laugh, and hold their merri-
ment,

Amid the haunts of silence and decay:
Yet thus the thoughtless multitude press'd on,
And raised a joyous clamour as they pass'd.
But there were two, young, beautiful, and pale,
Who came, their hands lock'd in each other's
palms,

Clad in the dark habiliments of woe,
And near a tomb enclosed with evergreens,
Their ruddy eyes suffused with burning tears,
Wept o'er the memory of maternal love.
It was a lovely sight, for they were twins,
And o'er their features the rude hand of grief
Had cast a melancholy hue. The laugh
That fill'd their brilliant eyes with sparkling
gems,

Wither'd beneath the cankering blight of
sorrow;

And the soft, sweet expression of their lips,
And the rich bloom that painted their fair
cheeks,

Were now exchanged for whiteness like the
snow;

And, as they knelt before the moulded turf,
Kiss'd its green bosom, and then water'd it
With the salt tears of sorrowing thoughtfulness,

And talk'd of bygone days and happier hours,
When they could tell a mother of their griefs,
And she with kindest patience would assuage
Their little pains, and laugh them into joy;
And as they bow'd still closer to the earth,
And kiss'd it o'er again, and weeping loved
And clung yet longer to the spot, and breath'd
Such strains of filial tenderness and love—
I mourn'd their lot forlorn, and with them
wept.

There was a mystery that fill'd my soul
With awe, for on the marble tablatures,
I read the names of some whose life was sped

Ere yet their lips could utter the first sounds
Of infant weakness, some before their minds
Were form'd to evil or to good, and some
While in the bloom of manhood and the prime
Of manly vigour, were cut down and fell
Beneath the crushing shaft of death—others
Still linger'd on for a few fleeting summers,
Mocking in mad security the blow
So long delayed, till in an hour it came—
An hour of unexpected triumph, to reveal
Death as the only tyrant of this world.

And must it be that all who walk the earth,
Who live or yet shall live, must die? 'Tis so:
The last rose that droops upon its lonely stem,
Ere the rude blast of winter reads its leaves,
And scatters them around, is but the story
Of man's sure dissolution and decay.
The voice of nature utters this sad truth,
And the dull grave confirms it. The red sun,
When sinking in the ray-enkindled deep
He hides his beams in the dark realms of night,
Points to this truth. The troubled crystal
stream,

That, bubbling from the mountain's side,
runs on

Meandering its short course, to lose itself
In the interminable depths of ocean,
Is but the type of life, which flows along,
O'er many roughnesses, until it gains
The misty boundary of Time, and plunges
With wild rapidity into the grave
To join a fathomless eternity.

Child of mortality, thy sun shall set,
And like the gorgeous star of day descend
To realms of darkness—to the gloomy grave;
And all thy pomp, thy pageantry, thy power,
Thy strength, thy riches, and thy fondest hopes,
Thy glory—all shall vanish from thy touch,
And melt away to empty nothingness,
Like the bright visions of a western sky,
Or mists before the rising beams of morn.
Yet mourn not thou that death is in the world,
And dire destruction sweepeth man away;
Fear not the terror of his outstretch'd arm,
Nor crouch beneath the quiv'ring of his lance.
Go, child of Jesus, meet the tyrant king,
And wrest the sceptre from his powerless grasp,
For Death is swallowed up in victory;
And ebon night that sat with mystic awe
Within the confines of the sepulchre,
Lost in the radiance of eternal day.

Go, child of immortality, and burst
The iron-forged fetters of the tomb—
Go, arm'd with truth, and righteousness, and
faith,

To meet the armies of the spectre foe,
Unfurl the banner of the holy cross,
And triumph in the saviour of mankind.
So thy glad spirit springs with active joy,
Where soars nor eagle nor the tuneful lark,
Whose depth no strength of mortal eye can
pierce,

There, 'midst the choirs of countless myriads,

To dwell a whole eternity of bliss.

ABOUKIR.

"Lieu rendu célèbre par une victoire de Napoléon!"
Dic. Géogr. de Méri, Paris, 1831.

MY DEAR —, You ask me to give you an account of my first visit to Aboukir, and of all the various impressions which the sight of that spirit-stirring spot must have awakened in my mind. I shall fulfil but half your request. Impressions, such as those of which you speak, are fugitive things—they rise and vanish never to present themselves again in the same shape, if shape indeed they ever had. They principally consist in a feeling of pride and gratification and self-satisfaction, exhibiting itself outwardly in an erect carriage and a dilated breast, and causing us to look with pleasure and interest even on the most trifling objects. Moral and political considerations are generally, I believe, after thoughts; and are as comparatively insipid as the morning's account of a brilliant midnight dream.

A little reflection, therefore, will convince you that I should err in doing more than to tell the little events of an uneventful day. When you come to the end of my letters, you will, of course, be disappointed if you are not very moderate in your expectations. I have nothing to relate but how we rode out, and how we rode back again; what we saw on the way, and what we did when we got to our journey's end, and how we felt when we came back. Unfortunately we encountered no "moving accidents," no "prowling Bedouins," no distressed damsels, except the one that asked us for *Khamsa fuddah* (five paras), at the Rosetta Gate. In short, I am very much afraid you will regret having paid postage on this letter.

The night before we started I confess to having come out in Cambyse's vein, and talked extensively of "The Flag that Braved a Thousand Years," of "Hearts of Oak," "The Wooden Walls," and so on; going so far even as to make some disrespectful reflections on Crapeau; but during the whole of next day, I and my companions bore up manfully against the temptations to be either prosy or vain-glorious, cracking more jokes than we made speeches, and more bottles than either. Though I say it, that shouldn't, I had to knock up the rest of the party—I was knocked up too when I came back,
 NO. 1385.

and we didn't start until 8 A.M. Before that hour we had breakfasted and read *Shakespeare*—also bullied donkey-boys; delay being caused by a young Caledonian, who lived at some distance, and who had, doubtless, been courting overnight. At length off we set in good earnest, two on horseback and two on the humble ass—total, four regular guys, of which I was, perhaps, the greatest, having a beaver with brim as broad as an umbrella, and various other remarkable points in my accoutrement.

I must not forget to introduce my friends formally to you. Suppose yourself on the spot. The fair young gentleman on the milky charger, with white-linen-covered hat, white coat, and white trowsers, looking for all the world like Death on the White Horse, is the young Caledonian aforesaid, christened by the Arabs, on account of his sporting propensities, *Ibn el Bendogiyeh*, Anglice, "Son of a Gun." That "nervous, sanguine" Lancashire man, with "Coembe's Phenology" sticking out of his pocket, is known among the native ladies as *Abou-Shewareh*, or the "Father of Moustachios," because of the enormous crop of hair he sports on his face; whilst yon delicate-complexioned Teuton goes by the name of *Abou-Tarboosh*, from the Fez cap he wears. He is a determined chess-player, and carries a board under his arm, in case we should have an hour to spare during our stay at Aboukir. Two donkey-boys form our suite; one of them bears a large pigeon-pie, intended to keep up our enthusiasm at the bay, the other is encumbered with our provisions of wine and bread.

Having passed the Rosetta Gate, we were soon galloping in the direction of Ramali, or The Sands, a name given to a portion of the grove of palm trees, which, commencing about four miles from Alexandria, stretches as far as Aboukir. Ibrahim Pasha's gardens were passed in high style, though already a few patches of heavy sand began to abate the mettle of our steeds. At Ramali we hove in sight of a party of Alexandrian cockneys, come out to pic-nic on a sort of Egyptian Primrose-hill. Knowing that they had a good caterer, we had some thoughts of making an onslaught upon them, and "cribbing" some of their provisions; but the remembrance of two or three pair of broad should-

ders induced us to doubt the success of such an attempt, and pushing forward we soon left M. Roland's country-house behind us, and got upon the skirts of the desert.

From this time forward we were almost constantly surrounded with mirage-effects. At first, there appeared in front a beautiful lake, dotted with islands and overhung by drooping trees. As we advanced this receded, leaving however to our right mock little pools of silvery hue, which seemed to steal to the rear, and there accumulating, form another extensive sheet of water as bright and as sparkling and as unreal as the first. In spite of his experience, and the repeated warnings given, Abou-Shewareb frequently insisted that he saw real water, and once appeared disposed to ride off and give his horse a drink from the nearest pool. It was curious to notice that, apparently, two or three hundred yards ahead the ground seemed to tremble, or rather that a tremulous breath of visible wind, if I may so express myself, appeared to be stealing across it; whilst immediately beyond, the tiny surf and shining wavelets of this phantasmic sea spread themselves beneath the sun. I observed, moreover, that before the mirage had completely asserted its empire and thrown its visionary waters over the desert, the sand seemed to be all in motion, or at least to be seen through a restless medium—no doubt the texture on which is woven, by the magic rays of the sun, the beautiful picture that deceives us.

With the exception of the mirage, and a little sparkling salt lake, there is nothing particularly interesting between Ramali and Aboukir. You go along the edge of the desert, over which to the right, in the distance, rise the banks of the Mahmondieh Canal, with its creeping sails or stationary clusters of masts and yards. Close to the left are great heaps of white sand, evidently rolled in of late by the wind, and sometimes completely burying the tallest palms. The same view continues, with little or no variety, until the mirage lifts up the martello towers that line the bay, and converts them and their flag-staffs into the semblance of ruined castles, surrounded with palm trees. In some places the road is very good, there being nice beaten paths, like those along which we had been accustomed to court English Nancies in

English corn-fields; whilst in other parts the donkeys often sank almost to their knees in the sand. Occasionally we were rather troubled by the holes made by the *jerboa*, or desert rat, which something resembles a diminutive kangaroo. When the above made their appearance, the conversation of our party was generally reduced to exhortations such as these:

"Tread lightly here, for this is hole-y ground."

If our donkeys happened to put their feet into one of these traps, we were generally pitched forward to such a distance that on recovering from our confusion we found ourselves considerably advanced on the journey.

At a few points on the road, where the sand was deepest, there were water-melon pits, sometimes as much as ten feet deep, and as many wide at the top. They diminish to a very narrow trough at the bottom, where the rich green leaf of the pasteca reposes like a little oasis on the white sand. These pits were sometimes enclosed by palisades of reeds to protect them from the encroachments of the desert—a fragile and yet effectual barrier! The owners of these small gardens were probably the Bedouins whom we saw encamped on the sand hills to the left of the road, under the shade of palm trees.

A break in the grove to our left announces the approach to Aboukir. Leaving a hamlet and, apparently, a sheikh's tomb unvisited on one hand, and a tract of palm-ground insulated by the mirage on the other, we soon got into the heaviest sand which we had yet encountered, and which would, doubtless, be the greatest obstacle to the advance of an enemy against the fort, under the guns of which we were soon moving. On getting over a slight rise in front of the gate of this place we obtained our first view of the bay; and a quarter of a mile's ride brought us near the extremity of the point which forms its western boundary, unless Nelson's island, lying some distance off, leaving only a passage navigable for boats between, may not rather be said to deserve that name.

We soon found ourselves to be the object of curiosity. A man with a long telescope had stationed himself on the threshold of the quarantine establishment,

and was eyeing us with extreme attention. He paused, and at length he came towards us, and introduced himself gracefully enough, saying that he had mistaken one of our party for a friend of his, and that in his comparatively lonely situation his heart had bounded with delight at the idea of a visit from a familiar face. Of course he confessed to a corresponding degree of disappointment on discovering his mistake, and often recurred to the subject with grotesque lamentations. However, he invited us into his dwelling, and told us very cordially to make ourselves at home. We were in a disposition to do so. Four hours' ride in the sun had made us both hungry and thirsty; and it was a real luxury to sit down in a large airy room to partake of the frugal fare we had brought with us. Signor Glegh, such was the name of our host, did everything in his power to promote our comforts, as well as to entertain us in his own peculiar way. Two or three of the party of soldiers, under his orders, "waited at table," for which we provided the principal dish—the aforesaid pigeon-pie; whilst our host contributed cream-cheeses, which he made on the spot with his own hands, as also a bottle of Greek wine and coffee. Unfortunately Glegh was fasting—it being Good Friday—and he quaintly told us that he could not join in, because if we were to report the infringement of duty in town, it would injure his reputation. So it appears that Glegh fasts only in the eyes of men. He however sat down to table, eating his mess of beans and oil with considerable relish, though he now and then did cast longing eyes at the savory morsels we were devouring. It was with difficulty we even prevailed on him to take a glass of wine.

The task would not be easy to describe the quaintness of our worthy host. Smollett's pen alone could represent to you the cut of his jib, and the colour of his conversation. Like most men shut off from the world, he became, on meeting with people who could in some sense sympathise with his feelings, excessively garrulous, asked us who we were, and before we had time to answer, told us who he was himself. He had been four long years at this place, his duty being principally to prevent any ships coming from suspected places from communicating with the land.

A single vessel was riding in the middle of the bay, having twice been driven back by contrary winds; but such visits are comparatively rare.

One of the chief traits of Signor Glegh was his excessive and overwhelming politeness. Knowing us to be English, he had the courage to endeavour to suppress his national prejudices; for in spite of his name, he is a Frenchman born and bred—a native of Toulon, though doubtless of German origin. He even attempted to be enthusiastic on the subject of the battle which had made that spot so interesting, and this without imitating the French geographer, and putting the victory on the wrong side. He showed us a box of relics—containing, first a curious looking piece of burnt wood, with molten iron mingled as it were with it, supposed to be a fragment of the "Orient;" and two portions of skulls, which, by way of appeal to our sanguinary feelings, he told us *belonged to Frenchmen*. Abou-Shewareb instantly began to examine these skulls phrenologically, and found that the bump of self-esteem was largely developed, and the bump of veneration extraordinarily developed, which is generally the case with our neighbours. I have no doubt, however, that when Signor Glegh is visited by his own countrymen, these remains are exhibited as having belonged to two perfidious sons of Albion.

After lunch we smoked our pipes, and then proceeded to visit the house. We saw the kitchen, the fowl-house, the pantry, and the bedroom, and the hammocks slung in it; and were initiated into the whole household economy of our worthy host. We then went aloft to have a full view of the bay.

The Sanita Station lies half way between what may be called the upper and lower forts of Aboukir Point, of which one occupies the extreme end, whilst the other is inland, on a small hill. A third fort, to the right, is, perhaps, still higher placed, and is situated about half a mile to the east of the village and the point. Beyond this the bay curves more in, and a series of four martello towers begins, each consisting of a round tower, rising in the midst of a space made by a square rampart and a moat. Still further on there is a long straight wall, about ten feet high and as many broad, to be furnished with

a corps of flying artillery in case of any attempt being made to effect a landing in that direction. This wall runs parallel with the one formerly raised to prevent the encroachments of the sea. It is of solid masonry, and extends more than a mile; but military men do not seem at all to approve of the idea, which belongs entirely to Galis Bey. All the forts and towers are well furnished with cannon; but the garrisons are exceedingly small, not amounting altogether to two hundred men. As far as I could judge, the forts are not at all formidable, either on account of their position, the materials employed in their construction, or the plan on which they are laid out; but my opinion is not worth its weight in lead, as I have not the least tincture of fortificational science.

Opposite the point, out at sea, is Nelson Island, the passage between which and the main land is too shallow, except for boats. This island was on the extreme left of the French line, when they were attacked by Lord Nelson, and it was not far off from it that the "Orient" was burned. Signor Glegh squatted down on the terrace, and tracing with a piece of charcoal a rude outline of the operations, entered into all the usual traditional details of the battle, at first with considerable *sang-froid*. As he warmed, however, he forgot his politeness, and became a Frenchman. Describing the masterly attack which decided the fate of the engagement, he exclaimed, "*Les—d'Anglais* came up here," then suddenly remembering himself, he added, "That is what we Frenchmen say, but the English are not, &c." and proceeded to soothe our supposed indignation by a flowery eulogium on the maritime power of Great Britain.

From the elevated position which we occupied, we could see the masts in the port of Alexandria on the one hand, and on the other, across the broad Bay of Aboukir, the mouths of the Rosetta branch of the Nile. Landwards our view was limited by forts, and sand-hills, and palm-groves, the straggling village, and a number of melon-beds stretched along the shore, but it cannot be said that there was anything picturesque in the scene.

I think I have now told you all about it; for I think it unnecessary to dilate on the affectionate farewell we took of Signor Glegh, nor on his persevering refusal of

all *bachsheesh*, nor on the handsome testimony to his politeness we wrote on a sheet of paper, nor on his ardently expressed hope to see us again. We started at 2 p.m., and get back at 7, having stopped at Ramali by the way to have a chat with the cockneys before mentioned; and very tired we were too, I can assure you, what with the heat, and the jolting pace of the donkeys through the sand. Thirty miles in any other country would be nothing; but in Egypt I can assure you it is no joke.

I am yours, &c.,

EFFENDI.

STANZAS.

Give me the hour when blushing morn
Heralds the soul-enlivening sun,
Whose presence gilds the east at dawn,
And cheers my wayward footsteps on
To where the clear and bubbling tide
For ever murmurs soft and low;
Careless of all the world beside,
No purer joys I seek to know.

The bee is early on the wing
To find the lovely foxglove's bell;
Overhead the lark is carolling
His strains of love near Heaven to tell;
The sealed blossoms of the thorn
With summer fragrance fill the air;
Rich are the fields of waving corn,
Bending with golden promise fair.

Not he who kneels at Fashion's shrine,
And deems his meteor life is bliss,
Can feel the bliss, the pow'r divine,
That fills an hour so sweet as this:
His heart is chill, in vain the boon
That nature grants with boundless charms,
The glittering pomp of gay saloon
His soul delights, his bosom warms.

Give him the costly wealth display'd
In mirror'd halls or courtly home,
And I the quiet, cooling shade
'Neath heaven's azure vaulted dome;
Let him enjoy the pride of rank,
Let him on silken couches lie—
Reclining on this mossy bank,
I envy not his luxury.

CECILIA ARMAND;
A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.
By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

BOOK I.—THEROIGNE DE MERICOURT.

CHAPTER I.

RUE ST. HONORÉ, NO. 396.

Within twenty yards of the Assumption-parish church of the first arrondissement, on the opposite side of the way, stood and yet stands, though somewhat altered in its outward appearance, a house of mean aspect, composed in part of workshops—huge piles of timber, and the presence of saws and other articles of a similar nature, seemed to convey the idea that it belonged to a carpenter, which was put out of doubt by these words written over the door: "M. Duplay, Menuisier, No. 396." Humble in its exterior, the residence of the citizen Duplay was suited only to persons of moderate fortune and simple tastes, nor were any others to be found dwelling within its walls. The character of the inmates may, however, be best gathered from a description of the room where the family were collected for the evening.

It was winter, a huge wood fire blazed on the hearth, adding to the light afforded by a lamp and two candles, by which seven women were to be seen working; at the same time, that they and five men were calmly and attentively listening to one who was reading aloud a scene from Racine, which, despite the shrillness of the reader's voice, was declaimed with singular power and energy.

By the fireside, occupying an arm chair, was the mother of several of those around, a plain but benevolent-looking woman, whose attention was wrapped, though much that was read was beyond her comprehension.

Next to her was a young man, in whose flaxen hair and rosy cheeks a certain resemblance was to be traced to the woman we have just noticed. It was her nephew, the child of her sister. He too listened to the poetical words which flowed from the man's lips, with more, however, of respect and admiration in his eyes for the reader, than for the book.

Next to him again was a lady, whose costume seemed to betray a lingering remembrance of the days when aristocracy was in vogue, and when rank and wealth were things which entitled their owners to regard. It was a kind of worship which beamed in her eye as she drank in the somewhat inharmonious sounds which conveyed the poet's thoughts to her ears.

Another seat was occupied by a young man, about five and twenty, whose singular

beauty of feature seemed veiled by the cold, stern, and iron will within, which gave to his countenance the impassability of a statue. His dress was neat and even somewhat *ci-devant* in style, though a tri-coloured scarf, which supported his sword, and a knot of equally revolutionary ribbons at his breast, showed him one of the friends of the new order of things. His eye was fixed on vacancy, though every now and then his glance would caress, in complacent admiration, him upon whom all attention was fixed.

Three girls of different ages intervened between him and the reader, who were sufficiently like to be taken for sisters; the eldest and handsomest sat next the orator, and was perhaps the most wrapped in her attention. Indeed, in her beaming eyes, in her fair and blushing cheeks, in the glances which she occasionally exchanged with the declaimer, it could be easily seen no common sentiment united them. They were affianced lovers, waiting the termination of the great political struggle to be married.

The reader himself was a small slight man. His features were delicate, his complexion pale and yellow, the effect of incessant thought and unwearying study. His small grey eyes were veiled by spectacles, while a continual twitching of the mouth, a sudden and involuntary movement of the shoulders, followed by a closing of the hand, which was kept free to turn the leaves of his book, proved him of a nervous temperament. His hair was fine, scrupulously clean, and evidently carefully attended to; his blue coat, buttoned close round the waist, revealed at the breast a shirt and waistcoat of perfect whiteness, while below his yellow breeches, white stockings without a fold or wrinkle, well-blackened shoes, and silver buckles, announced either an aristocrat or one too high minded to court popular applause, as most demagogues of those days did, by imitating the dirt and rags of the mob. His age was about thirty.

Another sister separated him from a young man, whose intellectual countenance spoke volumes for him, while his handsome features were no less favourable to the tender and affectionate manner which he assumed upon addressing the fourth sister. She was his wife.

A young girl, fair, gentle, innocent, with blue eyes and auburn air, sat next to M. Duplay, gazing on the reader with wild and singular interest. She seemed to regard him with something of the surprise which one would experience on seeing a fierce lioness engaged in suckling some animal totally opposed to it by nature.

Presently, amid a general murmur of applause, the reader closed his book, and

for some time the conversation rolled naturally-enough upon the work to which they had been listening.

"By the way, citizen Francois," said the handsome but stern youth, above described, after a pause, "hast thou heard what was the number of those assassinated last month?"

"No," replied the reader, his pale face at once livid with rage; "but do not, my friend, speak of that infamy. Danton, Danton, why hast thou stained the republic with blood?"

"But confess," said the other cynically, "he has added a new word to the French language. That wit Louvet, called him and us to day Septembrists."

"Us," replied the reader, more calmly, "it is just like him. But what canst thou expect from a profligate like Louvet. He who corrupts will lie."

"Faith," exclaimed the lady, whose aristocracy seemed dubious, "we must allow that the author of such a romance as his must be an untrustworthy politician. And yet how that book was read once."

"Certainly," continued the reader, "it was suited to the manners of the monarchy. But with regard to the Gironde, they are all well met."

"Brissot is the best," observed the young man.

"An intriguer, a libellist, an atheist," replied Francois. "Fauchet, a priest, who has declared his religion imposture; Vergniaud and Gaudet eloquent dreamers, without belief in God or man."

"Except in the man Gironde," sneered the handsome youth.

"Yes, they believe in themselves. But why revolutionise, why overthrow a monarchy, why upset a church, if thou hast no faith in another government, no belief in the sublimity of popular domination, no credit in religion, without which any stable government is impracticable."

"I fear me thou wilt split on this rock of religion," said the young man, gravely.

"No, St. Just," replied Francois Maximilian Joseph Isidore Robespierre, "I shall not split upon this rock. But the Girondins will. They hated the church; and they have, to annihilate it, destroyed religion, belief, faith. Their followers and satellites, devoid of fear of God, and having no dread of man, were fit instruments for the crimes of September."

"Faith, Robespierre," said St. Just, his disciple and devoted friend, "if thou canst fasten the September massacre on the Gironde, they are done for."

"Citoyen St. Just," continued the deputy of Arras, "these ambitious men, who care only for republic and monarchy as a means to an end, and that end their

own power, seeing that a limited monarchy was gaining ground, and that even we were ready to plant the flag of liberty on the hybrid constitution which had been sworn to, conspired with Danton, and the 10th of August was the result. Anarchy once let loose, power in the hands of a municipality instead of a legislative assembly, what wonder the massacre of September followed."

"Robespierre," exclaimed Lebas, the husband of the fourth sister, "we have won the republic, it must now be kept."

"It must, it shall, *if I live*," said Robespierre, telling a startling truth, for he, almost alone amid the turbulent spirits of the revolution, believed in the people; "but the helm must be preserved neither by the talking Gironde nor the corrupt Danton. I," and the deputy expressed his usual sentiment, "can understand no republicanism apart from virtue; no statesmanship apart from action. Danton can act, but he sold himself, and is knee deep in blood; the Gironde can talk, but unless when citoyenne Roland gives them a hint, can never act."

"True," continued St. Just, "a party which owes all its inspirations to a clever woman, can be worthy of little respect."

"Ah!" exclaimed the wife of Lebas, "citoyen Lebas here will be corrupted. He is not ashamed to ask my advice."

"And he is right," said Robespierre; "but a political party should have some settled plan of action, and not ask each evening of Roland's wife the word of order."

"And now," interrupted the affianced wife of Robespierre, "enough of politics—let us sup."

"But," said the young girl, who was not of the family, rising, "I must run home."

"Not yet, surely," replied Mademoiselle Duplay; "besides, I want thee to see a picture I have just received, at which we must all laugh very heartily. Citoyen," continued she, addressing Robespierre, "decidedly thou art a conspirator."

"Everybody says so," said the deputy, moodily; "but why this reflection now, my friend?"

"Worse and worse," exclaimed the girl, gaily; "thou art aiming at restoring royalty."

"I!" said Robespierre.

"In thy own person," continued his betrothed; "faith, the carpenter's daughter may aspire to be queen!"

"In my own person," replied Maximilian, quietly, "of course, because I am neither to be bought, like Mirabeau and Danton, nor seduced like Barnave, nor dazzled by the tempting bait of ambition like Brissot, Vergniaud, Gaudet; I must

look to a high reward. Is there then no belief in love of a principle—in the ardent desire to behold the reign of right and justice—in fact, in patriotism?"

"There is!" exclaimed St. Just, warmly, "we know thee incorruptible, virtuous, devoted to thy country, and posterity will know thee too."

"Not if our enemies triumph," replied Robespierre, thoughtfully; "the fallen are always in the wrong. Their enemies paint them for posterity."

"But you forget me," said the young citizenne Duplay, "and my picture."

With these words she unrolled a canvas which she held in her hand, and holding it on high, displayed it to the assembled company.

It represented a number of men, all portraits, congregated in an apartment, and bending affectionately over a map, that of France, as if engaged in defining what was best for its happiness and safety. Among these men was Robespierre, his eyes hypocritically bent also on the map, while his hand was secretly drawing upon his head a regal crown, which the Duke of Orleans, in the back ground, seemed inclined to contest with him.

Robespierre smiled grimly, for whatever anxiety this remarkable personage may have had to direct public opinion, in virtue of his eloquence, his purity of life, his known disinterestedness, and, in the end, in virtue of the terrible sacrifices which he made to the sanguinary and vile spirit of the Commune, he never aimed at any official power beyond that of a legislator; the rest of the party, save two, laughed heartily.

The two exceptions were St. Just, and the young girl who had wished to leave.

"It is an idle folly," said Robespierre, passing his hand across his brow, pale with labour and thought, "none usurp royalty but victorious generals. Dumouriez, Lafayette, both aimed at playing Cromwell: perhaps from all this bitter enmity of the friends of liberty, a sword may spring and decide the struggle. But for us, there is but a struggle in a great cause; if victorious, we retire to our hearths and gaze on the happiness of our fellow-creatures; if we fail, there is the scaffold, obloquy, calumny, ingratitude."

"But in the mean time," observed the saturnine St. Just, "the author of this caricature must pay the forfeit of his audacity."

"My God!" thought the young girl, "now I know why he let me come."

"In the first place," said Robespierre, "the author is unknown to us. In the next, recollect, St. Just, what I have often said, 'if I cannot stay the shedding of blood, I will never sanction or originate it.'"

"And be denounced as a moderate, an aristocrat," half sneered St. Just.

"Better die like a dog at once," exclaimed Maximilian, taking off his spectacles, for he was short-sighted, "than perish with seas of blood upon our conscience."

"So thou saidst," observed St. Just, "when thou satest up all night, while the satellites of Danton were cutting the throats of the enemies of the republic. Thou wast on foot all night in my garret, cursing thy want of influence to stay the bloodshed, and now thou art accused of having aided in the deed."

"I know," thundered Robespierre, "on me they pile the crimes of my worst enemies; but it is enough for me, the accusations are false. Had the vacillating Assembly passed my decree, abolishing the punishment of death, none of this would have happened."

"And Louis Capet?" observed St. Just.

"Would have lived," replied Robespierre, drily.

"I fancy that law would have suited Citizen Veto* to a nicety," sneered St. Just.

"My friend," interrupted Mademoiselle Duplay, "supper is ready."

The three deputies of the Convention, whose power made the monarchies of Europe tremble, immediately moved to a table, and in company with the carpenter and his family, partook of a humble meal, suited to the fortunes of men, who, while ruling the destinies of a vast republic, lived generally in fourth floors and garrets. A modern medical student would, doubtless, consider the meagre tenement inhabited by General St. Just, member of the Convention, and of the Executive government, as far below his dignity. But whatever the faults of these republicans, their poverty and their garrets proved their utter disinterestedness.

CHAPTER II.

RUE ST. ANNE.

At a quarter past ten the supper was over, and Cecilia Armand, the young person before alluded to, rose to go.

"I must leave thee," she said, addressing Mademoiselle Duplay; "it is late, and the patrol might take me to the guard-house. Besides my husband expected me at ten."

"Thou livest in the Rue St. Anne, I believe," exclaimed St. Just, taking up a cloak and cap.

* Louis Capet, Monsieur Veto, Citoyenne Antoinette, were the usual names given to the king and queen.

"Oui, monsieur," replied Cecilia, blushing.

"Monsieur," laughed Mademoiselle Duplay, while St. Just slightly frowned.

"Pardon," said the young wife, "but I cannot forget quite the old style."

"I am afraid," observed St. Just, smiling, "there is a touch of aristocracy about thee. I have caught thee saying 'you' twice instead of 'thou.'"

"Bah!" said Robespierre, "such petty distinctions are well for Marat and Camille Desmoulins, who crawl for popular favour, but not for us."

"True," replied St. Just; "by the way," he added, turning to Mademoiselle Duplay, "how reached that picture?"

"It was thrown into the yard, addressed M. Robespierre," replied the girl.

"Now, citoyenne, I am ready. I have my palace in a garret, Rue St. Anne, No. 10, and as we are neighbours I can protect thee thus far."

And St. Just, after arranging to meet Robespierre at nine o'clock next morning at the Jacobin Club, went out arm and arm with the blushing young wife.

"Citoyenne," said the deputy, as they reached the corner of the Rue de la Republique, "thy husband painted that picture."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Cecilia, much alarmed.

"The supreme being! if you please," said one of two men, who were passing and heard her exclamation. "Citoyenne aristocrat, art thou not aware that *Dieu* is abolished?"

"Citizens," said her companion, "my young friend made a mistake; thou hast corrected her, go thy way."

"Not so fast," said the man, after whistling to a third in the rear; "who knows but that we have not picked up a couple of aristocrats. Thou art aware none can be abroad after ten without a *carte de civisme*."

"Bah!" replied the deputy, drily.

"So come, my turtle doves, to the *corps de garde*."

"Friend," said the other, quietly, "I am afraid thou art inebriated."

"*Mordieu!*" cried the man, furiously, "drunk, this is too bad."

"An aristocratic oath," observed the deputy.

"I confess, but one cannot command one's tongue always. But come to the *corps de garde*. How do I know thou art not in company with Madame Veto."

"Friend," said the other, "I am the Citoyen St. Just; my companion is the citoyenne Armand—now go thy way."

"St. Just!" cried the other, falling back. "Excuse me, now I recollect thy voice. *Bon soir, Vive la Republique*, and teach thy friend to say *L'Etre Supreme*."

And the *Sans-Culotte* went his way, delighted to have had five words with a Jacobin of such good reputation.

"I was saying," continued St. Just, "thy husband painted that portrait."

"But—" said the wife, alarmed.

"He is in error," drily remarked St. Just, "and judges Robespierre through a black prism. Mark me, young girl, it is always the fate of those who labour in a good cause to be misaligned. Robespierre is a true patriot, unpurchaseable, devoted to the democracy, fearing God, wedded to certain principles, and ready to use any means, save blood, to make these principles triumph."

"Save blood," cried Cecilia, in doubt.

"Yes, my friend, in this we differ. I see the triumph of republicanism only across the dead bodies of its enemies, while Robespierre would not even take the life of a murderer. But he will learn that he must consent to hundreds of deaths or perish himself."

"But on the 10th of August blood enough was shed."

"Of course, and laid to the door of Robespierre, who knew not of the existence of the conspiracy. No! no! Danton and the Gironde overthrew the monarchy that day—to them the glory. We guide only the opinions of the people."

"And the days of September," faltered Cecilia.

"Ah, yes, we know of that, and did what we could to stay it. But the mob and its leaders were inflamed: to denounce or stay the fury of the hired assassins of the Commune was to point their daggers at our breasts. We warned many; Robespierre even saved four priests; but Danton and the Commune were determined on blood."

"Why?"

"Why? because Danton is ambitious. The republic gained, he wished to exasperate its enemies without, and stain the people knee deep in crime within. He succeeded in part, the people as well as the governments of Europe abominate us, while the people of Paris, innocent of the villainy, know themselves accused, and are, as Danton expected, only the more resolute to perish or be free. But no, no, the people had nothing to do with the 2nd September."

"Who then?"

"The Commune planned in secret, the Assembly unconsciously connived by giving Danton a decree which compelled every citizen to stay within doors all that day, while the police made domiciliary visits, the municipal authorities winked, the National Guard, trained by Santerre, remained still, and three hundred hired ruffians, fed on brandy and gunpowder, and

inflamed by horrid creatures in the shape of women, entered the prisons, and did the deed."

"And what became of them?"

"Several died on the spot; others were burnt at Charenton; others became raving mad, and perished unassisted; while all who live hide themselves under false names and in wretched hovels from the hate of their fellow citizens."

"And Danton?"

"Is ashamed of the deed; and yet the next day he said, 'I looked my crime in the face, and I did it.'"

"And Robespierre?"

"Shall I tell thee how he passed that night?" said St. Just.

"Yes," replied Cecilia.

"He had been at the Jacobin Club all day," replied the young man, "and even until twelve at night, when, weary and sad, we left it in company. Robespierre called my attention as we came along to the tocsin, that had begun to sound. I laughed, for I confess I pitied the victims less than he did. Swiss, aristocrats, and priests—I cared little for them."

"But thou art an ex-noble thyself," said Cecilia.

"Never remind me of what I loathe to think of," exclaimed the young republican; "but, bah! I have made up for the accident of birth."

"Excuse me, citizen."

"No excuse; but I was saying Robespierre walked with me to my door, and even up into my room. I began to undress, when Maximilian asked me what I was about to do? 'To sleep,' said I. 'Sleep!' exclaimed he, 'while thousands of thy fellow-creatures are being butchered like sheep.' I made some careless answer, though had I had the power, the instigators and tools of that night should have alone perished; but I am philosophical, and what can't be avoided never troubles me. I then, wearied and overcome, went to sleep. About dawn I was awake by steps in my room, and there was Robespierre, paler even than usual, his hands clasped together, his eyes bent upon the street, listening to the sounds without. He had walked about all night, and when I grumbled at his want of care of himself—for that man is my master, I love him—he answered, 'I have walked about this night like remorse or crime. Yes! I have been foolish enough not to sleep; but I was wrong, for no doubt Danton slept!'"

"I begin to understand Robespierre somewhat better," murmured Cecilia.

"My friend," replied St. Just, "here is your door, and now one word. Thy husband painted that picture, either actuated by patriotic motives, or instigated by gain. Never mind. Our friends, the Duplays,

interest themselves in thee, and both thou and he are young; teach him to know the incorruptible Robespierre better, and be sure he shall not be harmed. Mind thee, even if arrested, he shall be saved. But no more caricatures of patriots."

And the legislator of five-and-twenty crossed the narrow and poor street to gain his humble garret.

Cecilia, puzzled, astonished, and alarmed, rapidly ascended the stairs which led to her apartment. It was on the fourth floor. The door was open. All was silent within, but stepping gently over the threshold, Cecilia discovered her husband sleeping before the fire in an old arm-chair. There was no candle, but the logs on the fire sent forth a cheerful blaze. To take off her scarf—she wore no bonnet—and warm cloak was the work of a minute, and then gently moving towards the bed, Cecilia took from a box near its foot a candle.

In stooping to reach the taper, the eyes of the young girl wandered accidentally under the bed, and she caught sight of a man lying full length against the wall.

Cecilia neither shrieked nor fainted, nor by any outward sign discovered her alarm, but rising calmly went to the fire and lit her candle.

The room was large; one half was occupied as a dwelling, the other as the artist's study, though the line of demarcation was but a streak of white chalk across the floor. A bed, two chairs, a table, a couple of boxes, with a few articles of domestic utility, composed the whole furniture of the one side, while a few unfinished paintings, an easel, and side-board covered with paints and brushes, was all that filled the other.

Having lit the candle and gazed on the sleeping countenance of her young husband, who, wearied by a day's labour, and an evening spent at the Cordeliers Club, slept soundly, Cecilia took from the mantel-shelf pen, ink, and paper.

"I must sketch him as he sleeps," she whispered, as if afraid of waking him; and sitting down at the table, with her face fixed upon her husband, and a glance occasionally cast beneath the bed, she scrawled something upon a sheet of paper. At the end of a few minutes her work seemed to tire her.

"But I must wake him too," she exclaimed, "I have so much to say."

Here the man under the bed seemed to raise himself up to listen.

"Arthur," said Cecilia.

"My love," replied the young man, starting. "returned!"

"Some time," smiled the wife; "long enough to sketch thee."

Arthur took the paper and read:—

"Start not. A spy is beneath our bed. Take no notice, but talk cautiously. What I shall say of Robespierre, I mean?"

"Not bad," said the husband, with an imperceptible nod of intelligence. "But have you returned alone?"

"Hast thou, my friend?" smiled the wife.

"I always forget, love. But my question."

"I was accompanied to the door by the citizen St. Just," replied Cecilia.

Arthur started, while a frown crossed his face.

"But let me tell thee how I spent my evening," and with the exception of not making the slightest allusion to Armand being the author of the caricature, Cecilia recounted all that had passed.

"I hope thy opinion of Robespierre is correct," replied Armand, "for some one is wanted to counterbalance that ruffian Marat."

"Arthur!" said Cecilia, glancing at the bed.

"This evening, at the Cordelier, he asked for 500,000 heads, and assured the people that without this slaughter there was no hope for the republic," continued Armand, without noticing his wife's glance. "I rose, amid loud murmurs, and denounced him."

"My God!" cried Cecilia, "you are ruined! You must fly!"

"Cecilia," replied Arthur, calmly, "I cannot fly. I am already denounced; this night I shall be arrested, and," he added, clicking a pistol, "the rascal hid under the bed will depose against me."

"Citoyen," groaned a half-suffocated voice, "mercy!"

"Don't be alarmed, scoundrel," said Arthur, rising with a pistol in each hand, "but come out."

"Arthur," murmured Cecilia, approaching her husband, and whispering hastily, "if you are arrested, I have the promise of St. Just that you shall be saved."

"Ah!" replied Armand, surprised, and then turning to the trembling spy, "I hope thou wert comfortable, citizen."

"Not very," said the man, an ill-dressed, ill-looking ruffian—one of the compositors employed on Marat's paper—"but the public service makes everything sweet."

"Public service!" replied Armand, contemptuously, "dost thou call it public service to enter the chamber of a citizen, and creep like a thief under his bed, to listen to his domestic confidences?"

"Everything is service which a patriot is directed to do by the friends of the people."

"I discuss not with a scoundrel of thy sort," continued Armand; "go—there is the door!"

"Citoyen," said the spy, with a mocking air, "I shall not go—I shall remain!"

"We shall see," exclaimed Armand, cocking his pistols.

"Help! help! *A moi*, Fournier, Coupe-tête," cried the spy, as several musket stocks were heard falling heavily on the landing.

"Open, in the name of the nation," said Fournier, the American.

"Arrested already!" exclaimed Cecilia, pale and trembling.

Armand opened the door and the party entered. Five armed volunteers, headed by Fournier, the American, and Coupe-tête, two of the assassins of September, advanced into the room.

"Well, what news, Copeau?" inquired Coupe-tête, addressing the spy.

"Ah!" cried Copeau, "great news. The citizen Armand is an aristocrat and a counter-revolutionist. He does not even *tutoyer* his wife, while she says, 'My God!'"

"Good," said Coupe-tête; "and now, citizen Armand, march."

"Where?" replied the young artist, who was consoling his wife.

"Thou wilt learn soon enough. As for the present destination, all I can say is, it leads to the Place de la Révolution," and the ruffian laughed at his own wit.

"Am I not to know where my husband is confined?" said Cecilia, beseechingly.

"Thank thy stars thou dost not accompany him," replied Fournier.

"Coupe-tête," said a soft voice without, which made Cecilia start.

"Who calls?"

"Citoyen St. Just," replied the young man, entering with a cold and cynical air. "So thou art ever active. Ah! citizen Armand, hast thou been already denounced? Of what is he accused?"

Coupe-tête explained.

"And where dost thou take him?" said St. Just.

"I am bound to be secret on that point," replied the assassin.

"But I denounce the citizen Armand as the author of an infamous caricature of Robespierre," continued St. Just, coldly.

Cecilia opened her eyes and gazed in alarm on the speaker.

"Ah! that is different. Every denonncer has a right to know the whereabouts of his handful. The conspirator is bound for the Conciergerie."

"Good," said St. Just, "but here are pen and ink. I will write my denunciation," and he scrawled a few words on a sheet of paper.

Cecilia and Arthur exchanged glances.

"On second thoughts," exclaimed the young deputy, "I will make it in form to-morrow. Good night—take care of thy charge. *Vive la République.*"

And St. Just turned his back and retired, followed by the police and their victim. Cecilia remained alone, and no sooner were the men gone than, despite her agony and misery, she sprang towards the sheet of paper on which St. Just had written.

"I denounced thy husband to know his prison. Retire not to rest—St. Just will return!"*

CHAPTER III.

THE CONCIERGERIE, AND OTHER LOCALITIES APPERTAINING TO THIS TRUTHFUL HISTORY.

The party, headed by Fournier, the American, which had charge of the person of Arthur Armand, placing the young man in the centre, took their way along the Rue St. Honoré, until reaching the Palais Égalité—now and before the Palais Royal—they turned down the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, and were about to quit the narrow and dirty street, when they came full upon a patrol, composed of Marseillais allies.

"Who goes there?" said one who headed this body.

"Friends."

"The password?"

"Salut et Mort."

"Good; and now, citizens, where so hastily?"

"A little duty," replied the ferocious Fournier, "an aristocrat in leading-strings, ready trussed for the guillotine. Good night."

"Not so fast," said the officer. "I am curious about aristocrats, I am. Suppose we drink, *Vive la République*, and death to its enemies."

"Well said, citizen."

"Citoyenne, if you please," said the other; "art thou drunk already, gros Fournier, that thou knowest me not?"

"Ah! my princess, Theroigne de Mericourt; well met, I have not seen thee since the 10th of August."

"I hope thy health has not suffered in consequence," laughed Theroigne de Mericourt, "but, *voilà face*, here is the wine shop," and pushing Armand before them the two parties entered the *cabaret*, calling for wine.

The patrol was composed of eight men,

republicans of the first water, which might be seen by their huge tricoloured breeches, red waistcoats, black coats, and the cap of liberty, while the guard which honoured Armand were ragged *sans-culottes*.

Theroigne de Mericourt was a tall young woman, with blue eyes, lovely flaxen hair, a dazzlingly white complexion, and teeth brilliant and shining. Her dress was a blue frock coat, loose pantaloons, a scarf, two pistols and a sword, while boots covered her lower extremities, a cocked hat the upper. The expression of her face was partly sad, partly audacious; sad in memory of the noble whose treachery had caused her fall, audacity as she recollected how she had been revenged upon the classes whom, in dislike of one, she hated—man, woman, and child.

An aristocrat, as all gentlemen were then called, found Theroigne de Mericourt an innocent girl of eighteen; deluded by his promises she fled from a happy home, to be soon abandoned and forgotten. Awakening from her dream of sin and felicity, dire was the struggle in her woman's breast, and the Revolution bursting forth, she became one of the most terrible of its instruments. At the head of the lowest mob, on the 10th of August, her presence was everywhere the signal of death to all suspected of nobility; but her history is in every page of the French Revolution.

Fournier, the American, was a negro, and one of the most brutal of his race, fit instrument of Danton and Marat.

"So this is your pigeon," said Theroigne, gazing on Armand, who was examining her with the eye of an artist; "what's his name?"

"Armand," replied Fournier.

"His crime?"

"He has accused Marat of being the enemy of the republic."

"That's all!" cried Theroigne, coldly.

"How that's all?" replied Fournier, raising his head.

"Because he spoke truth," continued Theroigne.

"Art thou mad?" thundered Fournier, while Armand listened with all his ears.

"Perfectly in my senses," said Theroigne.

"And thou too darest denounce the friend of the people?"

"Who is that?"

"Marat!"

"Fournier," said the girl, with flashing eyes, "Marat is a monster, one who revels in blood, who, sneaking in a cellar, pours forth from his cover calumny and falsehood."

"Like Suleau," replied Fournier, sneering.

"Enough," said Theroigne. "Suleau maligned me—he is dead. But Marat lives—for how long, thinkest thou?"

* If the reader's preconceived opinions of Robespierre make him quarrel with him as painted by us, he may find our view of the matter confirmed by Tissot, by Charles Nodier, by Lamartine in his valuable work, "The Girondins;" in fact, by all who have taken the trouble to study him otherwise than in the report Courtois made to excuse his execution.

"*Citoyenne*," exclaimed Fournier, "I shall denounce thee."

"I thou?"

"I."

"Fool," said Theroigne, in a whisper; "have I not thy letter to the Princess de Lamballe? can I not prove that thou slewest her because thy reward was only half paid?"

The negro fell back.

"Citoyen Armand," continued Theroigne, "I am sorry for thee. Thou art a good patriot, but why get thyself into hot water?"

"I want not to upset monarchy, to see tyrants reign instead."

"Thou art right, but never mind—there is justice yet in France. Thou art denounced, but the world shall know how falsely. Give me thy hand, and then go thy way."

Armand held out his hand, in no small surprise, to the beautiful woman, erring and criminal as she was, who thus befriended him, and felt that she left in his fingers a small strip of paper.

"Good night, Fournier," she said, contemptuously; and then, followed by the patrol, she left the *cabaret*.

"Now then, *sans-culottes*," exclaimed the negro.

"Hold, citizen," said Armand, quietly; "thou art my jailer, good—it is thy duty. Let us drink a bottle together, however, in token that I wish thee no ill. Recollect I shall be deprived of this satisfaction awhile."

"Thou art a jolly fellow, I see," replied Fournier.

"Thanks," said Armand, throwing his last five francs on the table.

"And this is to pay?" inquired Fournier, "*ma foi!* the *guichetier* of the Palais will be knocked up late to-night."

"No objection to my smoking," said Armand, drawing forth a pipe.

"None at all, *mon brave*," cried the negro.

Armand quietly loaded his pipe, and then as if to see that it was nothing valuable, began unrolling the piece of paper which Theroigne de Mericourt had given him.

"Allow me," said Fournier, politely, as he took the paper from the young man's hand, unconscious of the blow he was inflicting.

"Wait," exclaimed Armand, quietly, "I think that is the recipe of one of my yellow mixtures."

"See then," replied Fournier, carelessly.

"Oh, no! it is all right," continued the young man, handing it back after reading it.

"Then here is a light," said Fournier, "thy health, and a speedy delivery."

"A speedy delivery," responded Armand, who had read these words:—"You are mistaken, but sincere republican, and shall be saved."

About an hour later the *sans-culottes* were on their way towards the Pont-Neuf, which, crossing half way, they followed the Quai, which led to the gates of the gloomy Conciergerie.

A single knock brought the head jailer to the door, and having reconnoitred Fournier through the barred loop hole, he hastened to open.

"More game," said the man, "but wait awhile while I attend to this bird."

Armand raised his eyes, and saw standing, surrounded by municipal officers, another prisoner who had preceded him.

It was a woman about seven-and-thirty, of dignified mien, though much broken by misfortune and suffering. Her face was pale, her eyes red with weeping, while her hair, once auburn, was now nearly white. Her garments were mean, and even bore marks of having been mended. She was before the desk of the principal jailer, who prepared to sign a receipt for his prisoner, and inscribe her name in his ledger.

Pushing back his red cap, and placing his spectacles before his eyes, so as better to write out the usual formal document, the man seated himself.

"Your name?"

"Marie-Antoinette, Princess of Lorraine, wife of Louis XVI, late King of France," replied the woman, in a broken but still haughty voice.

"The queen!" said the jailer, starting to his feet, while Armand gazed in astonishment at her whom, a few years before, he had seen so lovely.

"Madame Veto!" exclaimed General Santerre, severely.

"Which am I to write?" said the jailer, confused.

"Whichever thou pleasest, so there be no delay."

The man, in a state of mind which may be easily conceived—he, so used to hear that all power came from the crown—mechanically wrote out the name, as given by the unhappy queen, who was then led away to her dungeon, where having seen her safely deposited, the officers of the Commune departed.

It was now Armand's turn, and his name exciting no emotion in the jailer's mind, in five minutes more he was within the walls of a damp and dark cell, where his guards left him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAFÉ SANS-CULOTTE.

Leading from the Rue des Marmousets to the Rue St. Christophe, in the island of the Cité, and within a stone's throw of Notre Dame, is another street, which the good Parisians, in their love of saints, have characterised by the name of St. Pierre-aux-Bœufs, though the connexion between that reverend personage and the fraternity of bulls be apocryphal. But all ancient towns have their strange names, by which, verily, those who first christened them, would, did they now walk, have some difficulty in recognising their own handiwork, such as Rue Transnonain, Chat-qui-pêche, Cloche Percé, Croulebarbe, and other equally rare devices, to say nothing of those, which the elegance of ancient days—those good old times so much regretted—so called as to render translation equally difficult and undesirable. Were we Smollet, or even his modern imitators over the water, we might rejoice our readers by the preservation of some of these delectable morsels, but we are writing for plain English readers, who never indulge in such dirty curiosity, and hence we say no more.*

About eight o'clock in the evening which succeeded the arrest of Armand, a man entered the Rue St. Pierre-aux-Bœufs, from the side of the Rue Marmousets, and advancing slowly down the street paused before a tavern. It was a peculiar tavern was that of the Rue St. Peter the Bull, and could not fail to draw the attention of any antiquarian who should have paid a visit to that locality.

Narrow, with iron bars, red curtain, and tricoloured flag over the door, this humble *cabaret* rejoiced in the name of "Café Sans-Culotte," and certainly appeared as if its visitors could never have worn anything so human as the garment to the absence of which the sign made delicate allusion.

"Vie de Brutus," said the man, emphatically, "this is an insurrection shop, I could swear; bravo, it works. *Sacristi*, how many heads to-day?"

With these words, uttered in a loud voice, he ascended four steps, and found himself in an apartment about seven feet square, occupied by a counter, a long deal table, and a couple of benches. Behind the counter was a woman fast asleep, whose cap, white, red, and blue, proclaimed her a patriot of the first water.

"*Crac! crac!*" cried the new comer. "Citoyenne Coupe-tête, a cup of wine, a *cachet* at twelve sous. *Crac! crac!*"

"*Coupe! coupe!*" said the woman, raising her head, "don't leave one. I'm for Marat; three hundred thousand heads!"

"*Foi de guillotine!*" coolly observed the man; "thou dreatest patriotism, Citoyenne Coupe-tête."

"Bah!" said the woman, "I was asleep. Thou saidst a *cachet* at twelve sous, my patriot?"

"Yes, *la citoyenne*, also a crust of bread, two *saucisses à l'ail*, and a *carafon* of water."

"Good."

"And, my lamb, the inner room. I expect a friend, Maître Scipio, of the Conciergerie—we have some business together."

"Who will he ask for?"

"Citoyen Brutus Tranchemontaine," said the other, with pride.

"Well, Citoyen Brutus Tranchemontaine," replied the wife of the assassin Coupe-tête, "here is a plate, a knife, the sausages, and a bottle. Thou art a republican—serve thyself."

"*Peste!*" exclaimed the man admiringly, "thou art a Roman, my hostess. Does the Cité breed many more such *laridons*?"

"Ah!" simpered the greasy dame, "thou art a flatterer, Citoyen Tranchemontaine, though my husband does say I am a Spartan, which, I expect, is the same thing."

"Next door," replied the other; "but rather let him call thee an Iroquois, my charmer."

"Oh!" said the dame, smiling, "I believe the Americans are democrats. Is Washington an Iroquois?"

"Exactly," continued Brutus Tranchemontaine, "the Iroquois are—*sacristie!*—the veriest Sans-Culottes I know of—*fichtre!* if the Commune only had a few of them here they would save us a deal of trouble."

"How, citizen?"

"They have an immense knack at curing aristocrats of any unwholesome tastes."

"Bah! could we not send for a few of them, citizen?"

"It is hardly worth while," replied Citoyen Brutus, "for now I think of it, we have plenty of massacrers in Paris. I expect Marat has a touch of the Iroquois in him. But I am forgetting my supper. Don't forget, citoyenne," and the man entered the parlour of the Café Sans-Culotte.

Citoyenne Coupe-tête, a fat, heavy, stupid woman, of about five-and-forty, was an excellent specimen of those ignorant and ferocious beings who, born in an atmosphere of dirt, crime, and slavery, became the blind instruments of low and

* Those inveterately curious, and who must run their noses even where garbage alone rewards their search, may consult the *unredacted* poem of Guillot, an. dom. 1300, in the *Dictionnaire des Rues de Paris*, par Latyna.

selfish demagogues, like Marat, who, with these tools, disgraced a revolution in its origin necessary, sublime, glorious, and of which every living creature in France is now in ungrateful lethargy reaping the benefit.

Citoyen Brutus Tranchemontaine, who was of course sneering at the well-known tastes of the Maratists, appeared by his talk to belong to that body of sincere republicans who regarded the sovereignty of the people as another name for the reign of justice, peace, tolerance, and happiness. But, unfortunately, Paris, for a thousand years oppressed and debauched, vilified and degraded, by the orgies of kings and nobles, soured by centuries of slavery, corrupted by centuries of vice, recollecting the Tour de Nesle, the Massacre of St. Barthelemy, the duels, murders, assassinations, which disgraced its ancient streets during the reigns of a long line of kings, Paris nursed within itself a population which, taking example from above, from the upper classes, was profligate, idle, vicious, sanguinary, reckless, ferocious, as the ruling orders had been for a thousand years before. Ages had the nobility had their day; the people, creatures of the favoured classes, now had theirs. The wonder is that their excesses were not more frightful than the reality, the pity that the middle classes did not possess courage and will—as they had the power—to prevent them altogether.

The citizen Brutus was decidedly not a colossus. Of the middle height, slight and elastic, his natural gifts appeared wholly lost beneath the strange costume which he assumed. His head was clouded in a perfect beehive of long brown and curly hair, surmounted by a broad-brimmed pointed hat, on the rim of which was written in red letters, *Vive la République*. His beard and moustache were enormous, his coat loose, his waistcoat tricoloured, his watch had seals in imitation of guillotines—as young and lovely girls wore guillotine *drops* in their ears—his breeches were scarlet, his stockings crimson, his shoes black and tied in a knot by ribbons of the same colour—all, in fact, spoke one striving to look vastly more ferocious than he was by nature.

Placing his provender upon a dirty table, the citizen Brutus looked around him. He was in a room, exactly the same size as the first, but without the counter, so that a small but square table filled the centre. The walls were plastered, and had once been white, but in proof of the change effected by time, dirt, and tobacco smoke, to say nothing of greasy backs leaned against them, they were scratched over with chalk. Vile sentences, embodying impure and atrocious sentiments, were profusely scat-

tered, while a gallows exhibited two personages hanging irreverently from its summit; yes, in this city of Roman origin, where kings, and emperors, and princes had reigned so long, where regal words were from before the Christian era until then, laws, where within a hundred feet, stood on the ruins of a temple raised to Jupiter, the cathedral of Notre-Dame, the monarchs of the great nation were publicly represented hanging from the felon's tree with, underneath, these words, "*Monsieur and Madame Veto dansant sur la corde.*"

This mockery was cruel and idle, but does it not contain a wondrous moral, and does it not tell to all who would tyrannise over and brutalise the millions, how short is the road between the servility of serfs and the vengeance of blood-earned freemen? Beside the gorgeous pageants of royal funerals, not always of saints, how sound, reminding us that we are all but men and women, these words, inscribed on the register of a parish sexton, "a wooden coffin for the widow Capet, 7 francs?" Such were the obsequies of Marie-Antoinette!

The citizen Brutus having placed his food, we have said, on the table, amused himself awhile by gazing round the room, but gradually forgetting, it seemed, the place in which he was, his eyes closed, and he sank into a deep reverie. Wine and victuals remained untouched, while a deep sigh several times emerged from his bosom. An unexpected event speedily, however, aroused him.

"Is the inner room empty?" said a voice, which thrilled through every vein of the man's body. It was a man's voice, but it sounded something between that of a wolf and a hyena.

"No, citizen," replied the hostess, deprecatingly.

"Citoyen," exclaimed Brutus, rising and advancing, "it is, I hope, not unworthy occupied; two patriots are always well met."

The man gazed inquiringly at Madame Coupe-tête.

"The citizen Brutus Tranchemontaine," hastened to observe the worthy dame, "a perfect Sans-culotte, who pretends that I am a perfect I—I—"

"A Roman, a very Spartan," somewhat hastily interposed the citizen Brutus.

"A litre of wine," said the stranger, whose accent was that of a Swiss.

He then entered the parlour, and seated himself opposite our friend.

Dirty, unwashed, unshaved, with a ragged cloth round his head, a shirt unbuttoned, and showing a bosom worthy of an ourang-outang, a loose black coat hanging down to his heels, shoes tied with whip cord, hands stained by ink, which was scat-

tered over his whole person, he was clothed in harmony with his countenance. Thick coarse lips, shaggy uneven eyebrows, a nose of remarkable breadth, with an expression of sinister malevolence, eyes ever furtively cast round as if in search of some lurking danger, he was a man whom none could pass by unnoticed.

"Death to all aristocrats," said the new comer, filling his glass.

"I pledge thee," replied Brutus.

"Thou art a true patriot, I hope," said the dirty man.

"Stranger," exclaimed Brutus, "I fought on the 10th of August, I was astrir in September, and am ready on all occasions; besides, the only papers I read are the *Ami des Peuples*, and the *Père Duchesne*."

"Good," said the other, delighted to find one whose studies presupposed an anarchist and an atheist—the journals alluded to being the expounders of those two delightful phases in human doctrine and belief.

"And thou," said citizen Brutus, cramming the end of a sausage into his mouth.

"Oh! I'm known. I tell the people every day that there will be no liberty until all aristocrats, shopkeepers, priests, merchants, brokers, lawyers, physicians, are sent to the guillotine."

"Proof positive," said Brutus; "but I should be glad to learn a little of thy philosophy."

"I am ever proud to diffuse knowledge," replied the little man. "Dost thou see, there can be no liberty without equality?"

"Agreed," said Brutus.

"Now equality is impossible while there exist classes which make money by the people's wants, while commerce, manufactures, trade, are allowed."

"Agreed," said Brutus; "but, citizen—I ask for information—How are we to eat and drink and live? We must have houses, we must have victuals."

"Of course, but by abolishing all luxury, everything but the strictly necessary, the evils I deplore will be done away with. A morsel of bread, a few lentils, a piece of meat, what does a man want more? while the skins of beasts would make excellent clothing."

"Bravo," said Brutus, "thou art a Spartan. I see thou wouldst bring all down as near as possible to one level."

"Completely—keeping the guillotine to pare excrescences."

"Ah! now I recollect, I heard a moderate this day week giving his notion of republicanism."

"I should like to hear it."

"Oh! all he wanted was a nation which, having no privileged persons or classes, left every avenue open to talent and ability; where the people, by their representatives, ruled, and where equality was but

equality of rights, of legal justice, of protection to property, and where no limit was placed to the fortunes which men might amass by what he called patience and industry."

"Hum!"

"Yes, I recollect his words. 'Every sincere democrat, every true republican, dreams of no other equality than that of equality in the eyes of the law, when all rich and poor share alike rights, duties, and privileges.'"

"I am afraid such doctrines taint a large body of our republicans," said the other.

"Yes, but for myself I see no democracy but in a state of nature; equal poverty, equal suffering, equal courage to bear up against the evils which are inherent in life."

"Yes, and therefore, friend, we must gradually destroy all large towns. There can be no equality but amongst a nation of pure agriculturists."

"Oh!" thought citizen Brutus Tranchemontaine, "this is another Iroquois."

"But this moderate of whom thou speakest."

"An aristocrat, a panderer to the luxurious tastes of man, an artist."

"His name?" said the other, with glaring eyes.

"Arthur Armand, ex-Viscount de Monsmenil."

"Viscount?" said the other, bounding on his chair, "brother of the notorious Marquis de Monsmenil?"

"Exactly."

"Oh! oh!" observed the man, rubbing his hands, "thou art done for, my boy. But thy trial must be put off. There is a conspiracy under this, and we must see to the bottom of it."

"When was he to be executed?"

"To-morrow," said the man; "but I must away to the Commune. He must be respited. Ah, a conspiracy, bravo! *Au revoir, citoyen*."

And Marat rose and left the inner room of the Café Sans-Culotte, while Brutus, as if relieved by the absence of the editor of the *Ami des Peuples*, whom he knew well, though he seemed not to, drew a long and refreshing breath. Scarcely, however, had he done so, when another person entered the café.

"Good evening, citoyenne," said a soft and ringing voice—a voice which, though slightly broken, must once have been delicious to the ear.

"Good evening."

"A bottle of wine," said the new arrival, "and when Citizen Scipio comes, send him inside."

With these words the stranger took up his bottle and entered the inner room, taking his seat opposite to the Citizen Brutus.

"*Bon soir, camarade,*" observed the stranger, fixing his blue liquid eyes keenly on the other, who was curiously examining the handsome youth, who also expected the Citoyen Scipio.

A hat of white felt, with a blue, red, and white bunch of feathers, covered a head of hair which belonged rather to a woman than a man, though many republicans wore perfect thatches; whiskers, beard, and moustache, of scrupulous regularity, half hid a face which was delicate and feminine; a frock coat of fine cloth, open at the bosom, showed a frilled shirt, white as driven snow, and fastened round the soft and blue-veined neck by a silk handkerchief; a scarf supported a Spanish rapier, and two pistols, from the ex-royal *fabrique*, massive in their gold and silver; the stranger's hands too were gloved, while loose elegantly-made pantaloons, and boots of aristocratic nicety, completed his attire.

"Good evening; but I think thou expectest Scipio of the Conciergerie?"

"I do—why?"

"Oh, because I also expect him."

"Oh," said the young man, after a short pause; "thou art the citizen Brutus Tranchemontaine?"

"Exactly," replied the other, uneasily.

"Ah! mother Coupe-tête," exclaimed the stranger, rising; "the *Chambre Verte*."

"The key is behind the portrait of Washington."

"Citoyen Brutus," said the stranger, rising, "if thou wilt follow me, we will discuss the details of the escape of the Viscount de Monsmenil."

"Citoyen," exclaimed the republican.

"No excuses, we are both bound on the same errand;" and, taking from behind the portrait a small key, the young man opened a secret door in the wall, which led, by a narrow flight of steps, to a vault below.

The citizen Brutus followed his new friend, who took up a lamp off the table, and advancing through the doorway, closed it after them, and descended. At the bottom of a dozen steps was another door, which passing they found themselves in a vault, the walls of which having been whitewashed, the floor boarded, and a table and some dozen stools placed within for the accommodation of visitors, it appeared neither so disagreeable nor unwholesome a locality as from its proximity to the Seine and its position beneath the soil, might have been expected.

"Citoyen Brutus," said the young man, placing on the table his bottle and glass, as well as the lamp, "be seated. The locality surprises thee; perhaps thou knowest not this apartment."

"I never had the pleasure of visiting it before."

"Thou art now in the den where Marat

for months poured forth his venom, where the ferocious assassins of September planned their crime. This is the *Antre Bouche-feu*."

"Bah!" exclaimed the other, with a shudder.

"So much for the *locale*; but citizen, in few words, I must win thy confidence, and let thee know why I wish to save Arthur Armand, otherwise Viscount de Monsmenil, this night."

"It is not necessary," replied Brutus.

"Why?"

"Because I have denounced him to Marat as an aristocrat, and he will put off the execution in the hope of discovering a conspiracy of nobles."

"Not badly imagined—but at all events he must be saved."

"And what is thy interest in him?"

"Listen, and do not interrupt me. 'My tale will be short.'"

"I am Argus—all ears and eyes!" said Brutus.

"Some four years back, in the ancient town of Abbeville dwelt two friends, Adelaide Richepont and Cecilia Pons. They loved one another as sisters—their whole life was one series of mutual endearments."

"Antoinette and Lamballe," said Brutus, in a low voice, though his joke was but feebly urged.

"Perhaps. They were very different, however, in character. Adelaide was fiery, Cecilia gentle; the former the delight of a happy home, the latter an orphan, with an only brother."

"A brother?" said Brutus, raising his head, "I never heard of him!"

"Thou knowest my story, perhaps?" continued the young man.

"No!" stammered the other, "but I know something of Cecilia."

"Ah—well, perhaps I am that brother. Thou wilt see. Their friendship had lasted years, and they were now young women, when there came to the town two youths, brothers, the Viscount and Marquis de Monsmenil. Handsome, rich, happy, they were received in all society, and they shortly met with the two friends; to shorten a long tale, they loved. The Marquis courted Adelaide—the Viscount Cecilia. Their passion was returned, but the difference of rank interposed a fatal barrier, which it appeared impossible to get over. At length, after a long struggle on the part of the young women, both consented to a clandestine marriage. To effect this it was necessary to reach Paris, and to Paris it was resolved to go. Thou wilt think it strange, perhaps, but Adelaide, who left parents and home, was the instigator of her friend, who, though an orphan, hesitated long. Thou listenest?"

"Aye;"

"But Adelaide was all passion. At

seventeen her heart was captured by this Marquis, and women in love at that age do not often reason. Not so Cecilia: loving fondly, she yet hesitated before secrecy, but, overcome by the eloquence of her friend, she fled."

"To be abandoned."

"Not so."

"How not so?"

"No! they came to Paris, where the credulous and impetuous Adelaide trusted her lover too much, and the Marquis refused to complete the marriage. His brother begged, prayed, insisted, in vain; and the Viscount and Marquis parted."

"And Cecilia—"

"Became the wife of her honest lover, who, ruined by the revolution, took the name of Arthur Armand, and follows the profession of painter. Enlightened and unprejudiced, instead of cursing that which had deprived him of rank and wealth, he adopted the principles of the day, and is a moderate and sincere republican."

"And it is because he married thy sister that thou wouldst save him?"

"Ay! and because he advocated the cause of the unfortunate Adelaide."

"What became of her?" said Brutus Tranchemontaine, somewhat anxiously.

"She disappeared, and taking another name sank into the lowest depth of infamy. Revenge—hate, became the dominant passion of her soul. Fiery, energetic, for awhile she smothered her feelings beneath the guise of pleasure, becoming the Aspasia of the Faubourg St. Germain; then to her joy the Revolution burst forth, and her burning hatred of the class which had been her evil genius made her glory in all its excesses; she joined in its councils, her house became the centre of action of Santerre, Marat, Legendre, and all the rich demagogues of the Faubourgs, on whose follies she lived; in all *émeutes* she is to be seen, sword in hand, leading the people to the charge, and glorying in every noble head which falls. Her name is Theroigne de Mericourt."

"*Ventre-biche!*" cried Brutus, astounded, "and the Marquis?"

"Had sufficient wit to sell off his property before the storm; and it is generally believed passed into England, where he has several times returned in disguise to serve the cause of royalty."

"And have these old lovers never met?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Now! for I am Theroigne de Mericourt, and thou art the Marquis de Monsmenil!"

THE FRENCH ROAD-SIDE.

Unless I make a beginning, as I halt on the road for the night, I shall not be able to fulfil my intention of giving you a chit-chat account of my progress on a little tour, in which I promised myself a large amount of enjoyment at a minimum cost. Indeed, I am not quite sure that I shall not set up as a Guide to Travellers of slender means and larger curiosity, provided they can practise the requisite self-denial, and can cheerfully conform to circumstances. Nothing but trivial and common-place events have marked my journey hitherto, but as they are precisely those which most easily escape from the memory, I shall not let slip the present opportunity of making a sort of beginning. The first blow is half the battle.

My last to you made known my arrival at Boulogne in 8½ hours (not 7½, as I told you) from London. After spending two days very pleasantly, I started on the 1st at 5 p.m.; and, walking leisurely, found myself in Samer about eight. There was still an hour of daylight, but it would have taken me three half hours to have reached a roadside auberge, recommended by a return courier whom I consulted on the road, but rather liking the old-fashioned look of an auberge in the Place, I went in to reconnoitre and, my favourable impressions being confirmed, I bespoke a bed, and then strolled out until dusk. On my return, I was shown into a back parlour, furnished with one table, and about, or above, twenty chairs, above which hung the gaudy history of impossible events that befel a young French lieutenant in an Algerian campaign. He deserts his post to rescue a young lady (in a ball dress), attended by a father (dressed for a Paris dinner) as young as herself. Arabs that have been run through the heart a long while, rise half up to gnash their teeth at their full-dressed slayer; another, at two paces' distance, fires a pistol in vain. A second print exhibits the hero at the place of execution—success not justifying the crime of deserting his post. A pardon arrives just as the firing party are about to draw trigger. Another print displays the deprived man (now promoted to captain) as bridegroom to the rescued beauty in a mosque at Constantine, attended by Marshal Bugeaud and staff, all in outrageously full-dress uniforms. I had hardly read the legends of these prints, when in walked my landlady, and put on a nice tablecloth and nicer napkin, and soon after brought in a small tureen of thin *potage*, at which you would, probably, have turned up your nose, but which I found very palatable. At all events, you would have joined with me in prasing the style of cleanliness with

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

which it was served up. Observing a healthy-looking child two or three years old toddling in after my landlady, I said, "You have a pretty little fellow there." "He is, indeed, sir, and a good one too," was the simple answer, but delivered in so motherly, tender, and earnest a tone, that her pleasant mild countenance absolutely beamed with good feeling and a natural pride. As I had dined well at a friend's table before leaving Boulogne, I would have no more than a glass or two of middling beer. By ten o'clock I was between a pair of snowy white sheets, and slept as sound as a top. At seven next morning I took a basin of milk, which was put upon the table with the same array of napkin, and the same comfort the supper was. And now how much do you think I was charged for all this? Why, exactly one shilling and one halfpenny. Two additional pennies extracted a satisfied look and thanks from the little chambermaid, and, on my departure, kindly greetings were exchanged.

On passing Cormont, I stepped into the lone auberge I had intended to stop at, and asked for two sous' worth of milk, which I sat down and drank. I found the house untidy; the landlady slatternly and a little bit sullen, at any rate she was not talkative, her motherly attentions being all bestowed upon a fine pudding-faced child of eighteen months in her lap. She would, doubtless, have improved upon further acquaintance, but I soon left the Dutch-built hostess, who wore a countenance that could not be compared to a full moon, because a front view showed disproportionate narrowness, whilst the ruddy cheeks were what sailors would call *wall-sided*. Chance has something to do with one's temporary comforts on the road. If I had had another hour of daylight the evening before, I should have been the guest of Dame Doublechin, instead of the attentively obliging landlady of Samer.

I had not walked many miles further when I was overtaken by a man driving one little horse, drawing two four-wheeled light carriages one after the other. We exchanged steady looks, but he passed on without a word on either side. In less than twenty paces he pulled up, and invited me to take a seat. "Where are you going?" said I. "To Paris," said he. Here was a temptation almost irresistible, yet I withstood it. I felt fresh on my legs, so I merely answered, "I am not rich." The man lifted his broad-brimmed glazed hat; I returned the salute, and we parted company. My first feeling was a valiant resolution to try and beat that little horse by getting to Paris first; but having walked another dozen miles, besides going nearly all round the ramparts of Montreuil, I

could not help thinking, as I flung myself into a chair of a wayside auberge on the Marpont road, that it would have been rather pleasanter to have faced the afternoon sun behind that little horse than to be trudging over the dusty line of road with a blister already raised on the upper part of the right heel. I was, by this time, ready to give up the poetry of a long walk for the comfort of a long ride. Still I did not repent having missed a singularly good chance, for I called to mind that ten miles back I had met a boy of fifteen, with marvellously small wardrobe slung across his shoulders, who was about to perform a walk from Paris to Boulogne (180 miles) in five days. Now he *must* have fared hard, as he could *not* have paid for a bed. An occasional lift was the most he could expect from some good-natured carrier. I had sent the poor boy on his way rejoicingly with a copper or two, when I recollected I ought to have extracted from him his history. I called out to him faintly, but on he went. I raised my voice, and he turned round, but by that time so many paces were between us that I would not beckon him to me, nor would I retrace my steps to go to him.

Whilst I was consoling myself by comparing my situation with that of the poor boy, and resolving to take things composedly, I heard a rumbling noise outside; turning my head, I caught sight of the swish tail of the little horse, the glazed hat, and the blouse. Out I rushed, without saying good day to the woman, who was hastening the preparation of some coffee I was to partake of; out I rushed, and by the time I had put on as *nonchalant* an air as I could muster on the spur of the moment, I was alongside the little horse, saying a sort of "How do you do again." The driver pulled up and said, "Will you ride?" "How much shall I have to pay?" "Give what you please." In the twinkling of an eye I was cosily seated on the box; for I had by this time begun to feel how much easier it was to talk than to *do*, although my talk had been only to myself. Once seated snug on the cushion, I felt the heat of the sun delightfully tempered by the breeze, and saw new charms in the landscape, for, on foot, one does not look about so much, especially towards the close of a day's journey. I now learnt that the cause of our second meeting was, that Mr. Coachee had stopped two or three hours to dine, and to bait and rest his nag at Montreuil.

He halted, by my wish, at Averron to enable me to make a call on a worthy old dame at whose auberge I stopped for three days, three summers back, having dropped, foot sore, on my way across the country from Eu and St. Valéry-sur-Somme to-

wards the coast. The old girl recognised me in a moment, and seemed pleased to see me again. After taking a sup of milk, treating coachee to a glass of beer, I remounted, and we jogged on until we came to where a cross road leads to Cressy, two leagues to the left. Wishing to see the battle-field, I dismounted, and took leave of coachee, but I moved so stiffly, I had found myself so comfortable on the coachbox, and coachee so perfectly satisfied with the franc I bestowed upon him with a feeling of shame, it was so little, that I suddenly changed my mind, forgot the Black Prince, remembered that we cannot have everything our own way, and resumed my seat to Berrays, a village already in sight, less than half a mile ahead, and which we reached soon after six o'clock. Here we put up at an auberge, where we found half-a-dozen people at supper. Talking to them of Cressy, I described to one of them the vignette, which, in the "Comic History of England," places Edward astride on a windmill overlooking the fight. It would have done à Beckett's heart good to have heard the prolonged uproarious laugh of one of my auditors, who evidently understood and enjoyed the wit of it, until contagious mirth made everyone's sides shake. After awhile my friend, Frenchman like, set about putting me in the right as to the cause of that day being so disastrous to France. "History informs us," said he, "that artillery was there brought into play for the first time." "Was it a battering train?" I asked. "Oh, no, no," said he, quickly, for the unexpired laugh now went somewhat against him, "oh, no; but a ball as big as a plum will kill, and when the machinery was new, it is facile to conceive it would turn the balance of victory, and once turned, all that followed is easily accounted for. But after all," he gaily added, "there yet stands the old windmill, or else another built since on the same spot."

In due time coachee and I supped on milk soup, an excellent omelet, a dish of fricassee meat, delicious salad, butter, cheese, beer, and bread à discretion. For my share of this, and my lodging, I paid one shilling and threepence, being twopence-halfpenny above the usual charge. I went to bed by daylight in a thinly furnished chamber on the ground-floor. The bed was sufficiently good for a tired wayfarer, and the linen scrupulously clean. The wash-hand basin was larger than a tea slop basin, the ewer twice the size of a large milk jug, and the towel nearly half as big as a table napkin. No soap, but I always carry a small piece of common yellow in my pocket when going afoot in France.

Soon after five this morning I walked on

whilst coachee was harnessing the little horse, and he did not come up with me until I had gone over three or four leagues of ground. We, both of us, walked up all the steep hills, and I walked on when he halted to bait in the middle of the day, so that I grew pretty well tired at the end of a day's journey. I have hitherto taken nothing but milk on the road, my only meal being supper. When I treat coachee with a glass of beer, I take myself a basin of milk. By this means I feel neither hunger nor thirst. An unloaded stomach is the best to travel upon. Nevertheless, I am not a little pleased to see the *soupe au lait* placed on an adjoining table, and it is music to my ears to hear the sputtering of the omelet frying-pan in the next room. It is now only seven o'clock, but I don't expect I shall feel inclined to go on with this scribble after supper, for I shall take a stroll, and when the sun goes to bed so shall I.

I have been four days in Paris, and it has taken nearly all that space of time to give back pliability of limb, and a disposition to handle the pen. As I came along hitherwards a long yarn now and then spun itself in the brain, but the inclination to write, and the opportunity for writing, never both came together as they did at Camps. The main reason, however, was that nothing really worth communicating happened. Nevertheless, as you look for a something from me, a something you shall have.

Step back then with me to Camps, which is halfway between Boulogne and Paris, and where I cut short the thread of a story, in order to recruit pleasantly wearied nature.

Between early supper and early bedtime I rambled about for an hour, finding, very much to my surprise, that the score or so of houses on each side of the grand route was not the village, but only a small part of it on its southern edge. All the rest had been hidden from my eyes, in a clump-like plantation, above a quarter of a mile in diameter, of fruit trees, elms, and hedgerows. Striking down into a shady curving lane I found it pretty thickly studded with small farm yards, surrounded in part by the clay walled dwellings and outbuildings, and in part by a high clay wall, having a *porte-cocher* entrance, closed by unpainted gates. The houses were, I believe, all of one story, thatched, very sharp roofed, and no whitewash outside. Pursuing my course until I came to the church on the northern boundary, I discovered other crooked lanes, equally well peopled, begardened, running parallel or transversely. The whole clump was nearly on the crest of a smoothly rounded eminence, intersected by the main road. The

church must be very old, and of humble exterior, but the inside appeared to me to be handsome, for its massive heaviness was relieved by two rows of columns, dividing the central from the lateral aisles; and the whole was almost free of those tawdry ornaments which are now so much in vogue in French churches. The parsonage, a fresh-looking commodious residence, stood hard by, in a pretty garden, and seemed to be the only new house built thereabouts for two or three generations. In the churchyard were a few monuments, which struck me as being singularly beautiful. Each consisted of a slender pillar of highly polished marble on a suitable pedestal, altogether not above twelve or fifteen feet high. Short inscriptions in golden letters were on the columns. One was pretty, but I forget it. I can only remember that it closed by saying that the young lady (eighteen) left nothing behind her but eternal regrets. There was another epitaph that hit my fancy, to a young man "*moissonné qu printemps de son âge*." Pointing to the marble columns I said to a farmer coming home with a scythe on his shoulder, "These bespeak a wealthy neighbourhood." "*C'est un pays convenable*," was his reply, and truly enough well-to-do seems to be its characteristic. The land is all tilled, and well tilled, the crops promising, and the cattle in good plight. The daily pay of labourers is from twenty to thirty sous. The poorest have meat once a week, at the least, and although a little goes a good way with Frenchmen, they have enough according to their own standard of living. There are a few who receive charitable help. I was told that most of those few consisted of such as did not love work too much. The villagers seem to be an orderly, social, and inquisitive people, generally very good-looking, fair, and of the middle size, or above it. Their children are, for the most part, ruddily and chubbily handsome, but, like their parents, not the most cleanly in the world as to dress and personal appearance—I never before thought so odiously of a soap-tax.

The priest's salary is a little above £32 (800 francs) a year. He gets besides 365 francs for a daily mass. I made out that with this and a good residence, large surplice fees, and other comings-in, his position must be at least equal to that of an English clergyman of £200 a year. Monsieur le Curé seems to me to deserve all he gets, for he is closely tethered to his parish, has constant daily duties to perform, and has a well-trained flock, barring their untidy habits.

Camps contains above 150 houses, and, judging from the swarms of children, this

woodland-hive cannot have less than one thousand inhabitants.

The entire absence of detached houses and of villages (off the main road) in the whole landscape of an unenclosed country becomes now of easy explanation. Comparatively few inhabited places catch the eye of a traveller, because the majority of them are concealed in the foliage of wooded patches, that, where the church spire does not peer above the tree-tops, a traveller might mistake them for so many copses, or so many game preserves, the intervening spaces of country being pretty well all arable land fully cropped. The loss of time and of horse power must be very great in having to go so far afield to cultivate the land. I suppose that in the troublous days of yore the country folks nestled together for mutual protection, and custom has perpetuated what necessity began; and the French law subdivides property so frequently, and parcels of it come together in so many different ways and proportions, that it is not likely the system of clustering together will be changed. One advantage attends it, and that is, there is but little loss of land in bye-roads and paths leading from farm to farm; but I do not think that this counterbalances the inconvenience of going great distances to cultivate the smallest plots of ground.

The crops everywhere are in the best condition. The wheat looks well, although the ear is not very large—the barley magnificent—the oats everywhere thin and stunted, or starved, until I passed Poix or Beauvais, I forget which. At the latter city my old acquaintances, the vineyards, hove in sight. The peas are fine. Very few beans, except when intermixed with peas to be cut down together green for horse meat. Some patches of land glow with poppy, or look golden with charlock, or deep azure with blue-bell. These must be in chancery or in litigated possession. The apple trees are, in general, well loaded with fruit. There has not been a full crop of apples for three years. A great deal of attention is paid to the state of the roads; side footpaths occasionally occur. The thoroughfares in towns are being widened as fast as old houses are pulled down and new ones set a few feet farther back, as they are doing at rather a rapid pace in Paris. The rural police is so efficient that highway robbery is hardly known, and petty theft seldom escapes undetected. One may travel here at night with as much security as from room to room in one's own house.

Before we go any farther, let me introduce to you Mons. Deadily-lively, as I shall call my road acquaintance, the master

of the little horse, my worthy and respected coachman.

He is a native of Strasbourg, and is fifty-seven years of age, though he looks older. His spare figure is five feet six or seven inches high, complexion deeply bronzed, eyes small, nose good, average forehead, so that the countenance would be altogether a well-favoured one, were it not that prominent cheek-bones and small chin give to it too much of a triangular outline. He is clearheaded, but not intelligent—talkative when talked to, but not intelligible to me, on account of his Alsatian *patois*, which frequently gave me something like the ear-ache, and long intervals of silence ensued. He burked the vowels, a practice not consonant to the drum of one's ear. At seventeen he was swept from home by the conscription. At the battle of Wagram he got marked under the right ear by a spent ball from an Austrian musket. At Borodino he lost a finger from the left hand, and, having beheld Moscow in flames, he was one of the survivors of that disastrous campaign. He was present at the battles of Jena (the "prettiest fighting ground" he ever saw), Eylau, Friedland, and some others. Soon after the general peace he married in Boulogne, and has lived there ever since. His eldest son is in the army, his youngest an artisan, his two daughters unmarried. He speaks of them and of his wife in affectionate terms, but said—and, mind, this was said over the parting bottle of wine—that all, and each, were ready to forego any wish of their own, if he shook his head thus, and then he moved his head slowly and horizontally, so as to describe half a circle with his taper chin. He seems to be a frugal, painstaking man, without a taint of covetousness. He received a franc with unobsequious thanks at the end of every day's journey, but I verily believe that we should have parted very good friends indeed, had I given him nothing at all beyond an occasional glass of beer on the road. In short, he is more satisfied than I am, for I think he has been too much underpaid.

Deadly-lively had performed the journey to Paris about ten times a year for the last five years. He could tell the time of day by the posts marking distances (in kilometres), and was generally within a minute or two, or a few minutes of the actual time by my watch; but he did not know the names of towns within sight of the line of road, nor did he know the name of every village he drove through, and had driven through fifty times, not even of one near Paris, where he had taken a woman out of three surgeons' hands, and cured her of a broken instep, by doing, as he said, "nearly nothing" beyond applying

splints after the doctors had failed. The woman is now seventy-four years old, and the accident happened four years ago. I chose to go with him into the cottage farm-house, for he never passed without calling, and I saw the old dame receive Deadly-lively with open arms. She is a tall, sprightly body, with a face that must have been critically handsome long after youth, if not after "a certain age;" a dentist would say he could partly recover it for her now. I left the two together, as the dame was brisking about to place chairs for us, and walked on ahead. I forgot to ask Deadly-lively if he knew her name. It is likely he did not. In some instances he did not know the names of the landlord or landlady at whose auberge he stayed for the night, or to dine *en passant*. Yet he could tell whether a passer-by on foot was Flemish, English, or other foreigner, when I could not.

What with riding, and what with walking about half the distance, I had a most agreeable journey of four days, with Deadly-lively going forty miles a day, and rather more than forty on the last day. We separated on the eve of the fifth day at the next town outside St. Denis Pierre-fitte, I think it was. He started at 3 a.m. to get into Paris early, whilst I indulged in bed till eight, and walked the rest of the way in slow march time.

My new companionship brought me into occasional contact with some of a very numerous body—the public carriers—who are almost become as extinct as the stage coaches of England, and from a similar cause. These *charretiers* live well, work hard, and seem to be well paid, for theirs is a business of responsibility. Spending the greater part of early life on the road, they walk into the great room of an auberge with the easy air of lords paramount, and fling themselves in twos and threes beside a table, which is quickly decorated with course after course. First comes the never-failing *potage*, then an *omelette au lard*, next a huge dish of fricassee meat, followed by a salad, cream cheese or Neufchatel, a dessert—not forgetting at least a bottle of wine apiece. They conduct themselves with propriety—talk much and merrily, but their conversation is carried on in a *patois* spiced now and then with *argot*, so that I could not make out much that passed between them.

The landlady at one of these auberges was the very picture of rotundity; she had a round head, a handsome round face, a round roll of flesh round the neck, very round shoulders, and was altogether a moving mass of roundness, fat as butter; weighing not above twelve stone.

When the *charretiers* had finished their repast, they lounged away to the stables,

where they sleep the siesta for a couple of hours.

Deadly-lively sat down in the "commercial room" as a sort of honorary member, whilst I was tolerated as an interloper.

It would be unfair to dismiss my friend coachee without mention of his little horse, which drew us along as steadily as clockwork. Coucou is a Neapolitan barb, twelve years old, milk white, unequally freckled with branlike spots or dots, and rather under fourteen hands. In his coltish days he may have been a palfrey fit for a princess to ride upon. On being unharnessed he would lie down at the word of command, and roll or half roll, and get up again at the voice of his master, shake himself, and prepare to discuss whatever was put before him in the manger. Deadly-lively called him his "partner," "stock in trade," his "mainstay." The whip was often flourished, cracked, and smacked, but it never fell upon Coucou's hide, unless gently, or to chase away the flies. Thus cared for, Coucou drew along the two carriages about forty miles a day for the first four days. The last stage was a short one of ten or a dozen miles.

With the exception of once dining, my food was merely a pint of milk (2 sous worth) at starting, and the same quantum two or three times on the road. On two occasions the people were so obliging as to milk the cow on purpose, nay, near Grenvilliers, they fetched the cow out of an adjacent meadow, and very much troubled were they to persuade her to leave it at an unaccustomed hour. The only regular meal I took was a light but plentiful supper. After taking an only dinner, I felt thirsty on the road, and drank water when I could get it, which was very seldom. They don't give it. The innkeepers bring it out with a small saucer of sugar, and naturally expect payment. On my dining day, I walked seldomer, and shorter distances. I did not feel so light-some as upon the general diet, which would have half starved you. I never tired, but my legs tired. The spirit was good but the flesh weak. The hypochondriac, the overfed, and such as have been spoiled by having a good dinner three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, might do wisely to make some such experimental trip, instead of swallowing pills. They might lose weight, as I do, but the delicious night's rest would make it worth their while to try this remedy for home-made troubles.

To go back to Camps. I awoke out of a single sleep of six hours, at three on the morning of the 4th, got up, and let myself out of the house before anybody else was stirring. Unfortunately a heavy mist con-

cealed from view, until we reached Poix, some of the boldest of the not very bold scenery on this whole line of road. I had, however, some minor pleasure, for it was a pleasure to see the hare skipping across the road on tiptoe; to see the pigeons, magpies, and rooks, alight on the road in quest of something; and now and then to see the early hen picking up the early worm for her young ones. Singing birds I did not hear, so that daybreak lost one of its charms.

Before 6 p.m. we were housed in a suburban auberge at Beauvais. In front of it was an open space, used as drill ground by the garrison. There I saw, in the cool of the Sunday evening, above a hundred students, in half a dozen various sized groups, playing at ball and other games, superintended by clergymen in canonicals, but without hats, who appeared to be giving instructions, or joining in the game. One group had two clergymen actively employed in this way, and as merry as the youngers, who all appeared to be merry and wise at that time, and much better employed than if they had been smoking or sipping away the evening under cover, as is done often in other countries that shall be nameless. I felt less tolerant in the cathedral, where I saw a brisk young woman dusting an altar with housemaid-like skill, and moving about to and fro upon the altar itself, to replace the dusted dolls, and crucifix, and to rearrange the drapery round their respective niches, much in the same way that a girl would put to rights her baby's house, yet, since my arrival here, I have read, in a Paris paper, of the "traffic in African gods," carried on by a certain firm, the names of which are given, who regularly export them to Senegal, &c. Who knows but these African gods are made in the self-same shop, by the self-same workmen, who supply the French Puseyites with saints and saintesses for home consumption?

Next morning, a few miles in advance of Beauvais, a French gentleman seated himself by me under the shade of a tree, where I was waiting for Coucou. He had with him a very nice looking lass of twenty. We soon became acquainted, and he pelted me with interrogatories, which I bore patiently, but did not feel sufficient interest in him to put a counter-question, for he began by taking far too much pains to persuade me he came out not to *walk* to Beauvais, oh dear no! but to ride in a public conveyance, whereas I knew that he knew there were none running in that direction at that time of the day. He was over-dressed. He wore gay studs, a superfluity of gold, watch guard, rings without number on his right hand, and a large signet ring on the middle finger of the left hand,

which he took especial care to place on his knee, so that one could not help seeing it; but what gave me umbrage was that this weatherbeaten Adonis, with iron grey moustaches dyed raven, squatted himself between me and his blooming companion, who looked as if she had common sense conversation at command, without any of the *pretensions* which the other displayed.

Feeling downright tired of the pen I shall skip over the rest of my journey.

As to Paris it is beaten ground, and you and everybody know everything about it. I have now and then half regretted I did not stay four and twenty hours at Camps, or some such place. A good deal that is interesting might be gleaned in those rural abodes, but I, like most others, think most of the main points of a tour, and hurry on accordingly. Thus at the best points it is touch and go, or not touch at all.

JOHN MILLER.

SPECIMENS OF PETRARCA;
SELECTED FROM HIS POEMS ON THE
DEATH OF LAURA.

TRANSLATED BY T. H. SEALY.

(Author of "The Porcelain Tower," "The Little Old Man of the Woods," &c. &c.)

THE SECOND CANZONE.

[The poet declares himself to be in no danger of falling again under the yoke of Love, unless that power can restore Laura to life.]

I.

Love, if—so seems—thou wouldst that I be
placed
Once more beneath thy yoke, thou needst
with new
And marvellous power subdue
One mightier foe, ere thou canst reach my
breast.
Find that rich treasure earth now hides from
view,
Whose loss leaves me thus useless sighs to
waste;
That heart, so wise, so chaste,
Wherein my spirit found its only nest.
And be't so true as numerous tongues
attest,
That thou canst even in heaven prevail so
well,
And in the abyss—for how, on earthly
ground,
Thy power is past all bound,
Each generous breast can but too truly tell;
Win back from Death whom he hath stolen
away,
And thy insignia yet in her fair face display.

II.

Replace in her sweet visage the rich light
That was my cynosure; and that soft flame
That yet, alas! can tame
My heart, though spent: then what when
brightly burning!
For never doe in quest of fountain came
With such desire, as I would yet retrace
That dear familiar face,
From which such woe I earned—yea, still
am earning,
If well I interpret mine own heart's fond
yearning,
That lures me onward, with delusive
thought,
To roam the wild waste where no path I find,
And with a weary mind
To chase a thing that never *can* be caught.
Now to obey thy call I will not deign,
For thou no fealty ownst beyond thine
own domain.

III.

Oh, let me hear once more that gentle voice,
Outwardly, as I hear it in my heart!
Whose music could impart
Peace, 'mid the tumults of disdain and ire:
Could soothe the troubled mind with magic
art;
Could make it in unwonted calm rejoice:
And frame to forms more choice
My verse, henceforth to glow with no full
fire.
Oh, let sweet hope hold pace with fond
desire,
And, whilst the *mind* can *still* bring back
her breath,
Give to mine *eyes* and *ears* their own best
prize,
Without whom ears and eyes
Exert but useless powers—and life is death!
In vain anew for me your toils are spread,
Whilst my first love lies in earth's narrow
bed.

IV.

Oh, let me see that glance that came so meetly
To melt my spring-time ice: and *thy* warm
glow
In those dear archways* show,
Wherethrough my heart passed, to return
no more.
Resume your golden shafts, resume your
bow,†
And with soft words, all syllabled so sweetly,
Subdue my soul completely:
Words, whence of what is love I drew my
lore.
Give to that tongue fresh motion, where of
yore
Were set the lures I so much loved; the
snares

* The eyes of Laura.

† By the bow he signifies the mouth of Laura, and
by the shafts her words.

I could not shun: conceal thy subtle jesses
Among her wavy tresses;
I fear no toils if laid in other lairs.
Let those sweet locks upon the wind be
spret;
And with *them* bind my heart, and yield me
full content.

V.

From those gold bonds, in artful disarray
Floating and free, to loose my heart no skill
Avails; nor from the thrill
That spirit's gentle unkindness at all hours
Caused in my heart: those kept my amorous
will
In fresher verdure than the myrtle or bay,
When woods assume, or lay
O' the earth their leaves,—the plain its vest
of flowers.
But since proud Death employed his tyrant
powers
To break that bond from which I *feared*
escape—
Thou canst not find, though the whole
world thou travel,*
Wherefrom new nets to ravel.
Then why endeavour, O Love, fresh plots
to shape?
Thy season is gone by: those arms are lost
At which I trembled: now, thou art not
what thou wast.

VI.

Thy weapons were those eyes,—exhaustless
source
Of shafts of subtle fire; which scorned
the guard
Wherewith was reason barred—
For mortal power 'gainst heaven's is use-
less wholly:
Her silence, her sweet smiles, her soft regard,
Meek dress, mild mirthfulness, and bland
discourse,
With words whose gentle force
Would have subdued the stern'st, or most
unholy:
That angel countenance, so mild, so lowly,
That heard all tongues employed to express
its charms:
Her grace, both when she sat or stood, that
raised
A doubt which should be praised
The most entirely; when thou hadst *these*
arms
No firmest breast might thine assault en-
dure:
But now thou art *dis*-armed; and I secure.

VII.

The hearts that to thy power the heavens†
incline,

* Literally, "though the world turn around;" meaning, within the whole circuit of the world.

† Muratori distinguishes *cielo* in this line as referring to the influence of the stars; and, where repeated in the fourth, as signifying destiny.

Thou bindest now and bindest now again;
My heart with but *one* chain
Hast thou from heaven had license to
subdue.

That one is rent: but freedom seems a bane;
And "Oh, sweet pilgrim," not without repine
I cry, "What law divine
Bound me the first,* yet first thy bonds
withdrew?"

God, who so soon hath snatched thee from
our view,
But shewed thee here, with all high graces
rife,

To kindle our ambition for the sky.
LOVE, I can now defy,
From your relentless power, all future strife.
In vain your shafts are now i' the bow dis-
posed:

Their power was lost when those sweet
eyes were closed!

LOVE—Death hath loosed me from thine every
bond:

She, whom alone I loved, to heaven hath flown,
And freed me from sweet thrall, to weep on
earth alone!

LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

BY E. M.

Is not an inconsiderate engagement a great mistake? I may be answered, that though an evil in itself it is often productive of good; that a young man on his entrance into life has no greater safeguard than a virtuous attachment; and that for the attainment of the wished-for object he will toil hard to reach the anxiously anticipated goal. *His* path is free from the many temptations which beset the youth who, on his outset into life, is defended by no such inducement, and who, viewing this world as youth in its confidence generally does, sees but before him a flowery path, endless in its varied beauty; who, without knowledge, or utterly heedless of the pitfalls so plentifully strewn around, enjoys each passing flower—awakening but too late, when, after years of foolish dreaming, he finds himself on a dreary waste, with nothing save the darkness of an unloved old age before him!

To love early, therefore—to have one heart on whom to repose, one end and aim of all his hopes, anxieties, and labours—is by many esteemed the greatest advantage with which a youth can begin his journey through life. It may be so in ordinary circumstances for man, but still how few of the travellers reach the giddy heights they thought so easily attainable in "life's morning march!" how many sink ex-

* In the bonds of mortal life.

hausted even before they have passed the first eminence, trampled on by the multitude, who eagerly choose what, when secured, is more valueless than the butterfly which gambols before them! And what, during this ardent pursuit of commerce, politics, or pleasure, has been the life of her to whom he plighted his youthful vows, and whose image he still treasures in his heart, though the various avocations of man may cause him to look on love as a mere secondary consideration when compared to that more exciting passion—ambition? She, loving as women can love when the heart is in its pristine innocence, wastes her very life in vain thoughts of the future, and becomes a premature old maid before the bloom of youth has faded from her cheek. Her buoyancy of feeling gone, crushed by neglect from those she remembered children, even the brothers and sisters she nursed and cared for as a mother pass her in the race of life, and look upon her, as she stands in unloved loneliness, with pity. Such is too often woman's existence; her years creep on like a sluggish stream, while man's various occupations, even as the impetuous torrent, bear him onward so quickly that he seems not to notice the landmarks that tell him he is fast hastening towards the dark waters of eternity. Absent perhaps for years, he returns more intelligent, and therefore improved in personal appearance. His intellect has ripened and enlarged by contact with the world; whilst she, in the narrowness of a dull domestic circle—ever hoping, ever disappointed—has from a lighthearted girl become a cold discontented woman, and her betrothed comes back to find a withered leaf where he left a rose. In sadness he redeems his plighted word, marries, and is—dissatisfied.

Of course there are exceptions, for many women never grow old; their kind hearts beam from their eyes, and they are as a sunbeam lighting "cottage and hall." But these would not, from their very nature, become the victims of a long engagement: they could act, but not endure. 'Tis the gentle quiet girl that never speaks of the absent one, but allows the ever continual dropping of time to engrave affection deeper and deeper, till for an ideal dream she has lost those attractions that were the secret links that bound her to her lover, forgetting, that though absence be not always fatal to love, yet if the light be too rudely thrown on the sleeping god, awaking him from a rosy slumber, 'twill show the enamoured youth of what poor mortal clay his Psyche is composed. "All ye," therefore, "who have the charge of love," beware of thinking he can never "use his wings" or know no change, for

he loves the beautiful either of mind or person. And can you too severely blame him if, when he sees all that is bright and lovely fled, he too spreads his wings?

In a quiet corner of a ball-room (for quiet corners are to be found even there), with head leant half back and smiles of pleasure dimpling her fair face, sat Ellen Forrester. Behind the sofa on which she reclined, and nearly concealed by the massive window-curtains, stood a youth, to whose murmured accents she listened with downcast eyes and varying cheek.

"Ellen, dearest Ellen, will you not grant me so small a favour as that I now plead for? must I then, because you fear the satirical glances of a parcel of fools, coldly bid you farewell? know you not, dear Ellen, or have you forgotten, that this is the last night I may ever spend by your side? On my return, even if my efforts are blessed with success, I may find you another's wife. Will you not then give to me a few short moments—moments that you would waste on the indifferent, but which will be to me in my exile a bright spot whereon memory may dwell—an oasis in the desert of the past?"

Rising slowly, her blue eyes glistening with tears, Ellen's only response to this appeal was the slight pressure of the white hand as she silently took the youth's proffered arm, who, with affected indifference, led her into the conservatory. Why did not Ellen's heart warn her that in the faint odour of the flowers which mingled with the cool air, the softened light, and distant sounds of music, Love lay lurking far more dangerous and powerful than even mid the gay excitement of the adjoining ball-room!

Ellen Forrester was the daughter of a poor but proud man, who, retiring on half-pay, took up his residence in a city of the north famous for its respect to high birth and learning rather than to money if won by labour and ingenuity. This pride, fostered by intercourse with those who, like himself, counted their ancestors far into the depths of antiquity, led him to look on such suitors to his daughter as did not possess the requisite qualification of long descent as impertinent pretenders. Frederick Daly had certainly a father, but one whose life had passed away without his doing aught to entitle him to his family's fond remembrance, and the boy, by the exertions of a widowed mother placed in a mercantile situation, had but himself to trust to. But this was nothing to the youth, whose hopeful spirit saw but Fortune's smiles; and Frederick Daly thought it no impertinence to sun himself in Ellen's bright eyes, to see her, if possible, when a holiday from the office allowed him to play

the gentleman in Queen Street, and happiness of happiness to meet her at a ball, when, though denied the pleasure of dancing very often with her, yet he could gaze upon her graceful form. Nay, it was perhaps more exquisite enjoyment to him to do so than coldly to be near and refrain from telling how much he loved. But the tale had been told—and listened to; and through the winter many a whispered vow, many a note slipped into her hand at parting, had borne witness to the vehemence of his passion. It might well be so, for Ellen, though not strictly beautiful, passed as such. Her blue eyes danced with youth's bright light; her long flaxen ringlets shaded a cheek whose rose tints the lily disputed, and whose charms made you forget the rather unclassical nose; then who could criticise the mouth, whose very size rendered the pearls it enclosed more beautiful? A figure *petite*, but moulded as the statue of Hebe, gave an appearance of great youthfulness, which the fair complexion did not belie, and though Ellen in reality numbered twenty-two years, she might well have passed for seventeen. Frederick Daly, on the contrary, though only twenty, looked as manly as many do at thirty: dark hair, whiskers that were anything but boyish, eyes that told their own tale, joined to a tall graceful figure, a good address, and gentlemanly manners, made those he associated with forget he was a mere youth in years. And to Ellen he was a man to be loved fondly and dearly.

I left them as, with sorrowful hearts, they wended their way to the conservatory, where with passionate earnestness, with that abandonment of soul which exists but in the very young, Frederick, on bended knee, spoke all his love, all his sorrow, and prayed she would remember him. Grown bolder by her tearful chiding, remembrance alone could not content.

"Would she for his sake remain unmarried but one short year? He knew a bright future awaited him in that distant land. Would she, oh! would she bless him by sharing it?"

How easily is the heart surprised! Hearts that have stood many a long siege may in some fatal moment surrender even without making terms! Such it was with Ellen's, for on her return to the hall she had a dim consciousness of having plighted her word that till the claim was given up by Frederick, or secured by death, she would listen to no other proposal. And this inconsiderate selfishness on the part of Frederick he called love! Alas, how often is that sacred name profaned! how few understand its real meaning! how many live to weep over the wreck of it!

none more so than those gay young beings floating on life's surface and believing that man's love is to compensate for all the evils that are daily scattered in their path.

The last quadrille is danced, the farewell must be spoken—coldly, it may be, for watchful eyes are upon them. But Ellen's hand is pressed convulsively, and tears are on it that fall not from her eyes; the hurried prayer that is breathed, "God bless thee, Ellen!" bursts from the depths of his inmost heart, and Frederick is alone. Alone! how that word thrills through the soul! In the midst of crowded rooms, the bustle of the street, even surrounded by friends, how much alone are they who have parted, perchance for years, from the one they love!

Stern necessity obliged Frederick to shake off his lethargy, but it was with only half-awakened senses that he next day went through the routine of business, the adieux of loving friends, and the various matters connected with a long journey; till the evening told him the sad reality, for he was then on the wide waters, wind, tide, all bearing him from the land of his birth. Still, with sorrow came sanguine hope, increased by youth, health, and the knowledge that his employers would, as far as possible, give him every opportunity of advancement. These thoughts were followed by others less pleasurable, for India presented many things to fear, as, even if successful, he might not be spared to return, and, instead of the independence he sought, find only a grave, as but too many of his fellow-aspirants after wealth and distinction had done before.

Thoughts of the past, hopes for the future, and weariness of the present, all passed away, and in due time Frederick arrived at his destination. How different he found life there from what he had anticipated; how frequently he thought he had grasped at reality and found it but the shadow; how "hope deferred" oftentimes sickened his heart; and how through all the mishaps that seemed to mark him for their victim—through storms, conflagrations, war, and insurrections—his heart still turned to that bright-eyed girl he had left in his own country, it boots us not to tell, for it is folly to expatiate on the disappointments of life except in the way of warning.

Time, with its ever-rolling tide, passed on, stealing beauty from some, mellowing the charms of others; and Ellen Forrester was still Ellen Forrester. The revelation of Frederick and the promise she had made caused her for some time to look coldly on her many admirers. But as years glided on, and, save an occasional message through his mother (for it was not

then the days of bi-monthly mails), or some costly present, showing she still retained a place in his affections, Frederick was to her as dead: and when his mother was laid in the silent grave all communication ceased, and she might have been tempted to beg a recall of her word, plighted in that last interview, had she met with those whose education and birth entitled them to seek her hand. But Ellen, though lovely at twenty-two, found herself, at thirty-eight, classed as an old maid, and death, the inexorable, in snatching away her father, caused a sad difference in pecuniary affairs, for Major Forrester had been imprudent enough to defer the care of making provision for those dear to him till the last dread summons, which, bursting like a thunderbolt over his devoted head, left no time for what ought to have been done years before. How many who fondly love their helpless relatives are thus careless of the future! Could they only witness the many privations to which these loved ones are often subjected, even the most thoughtless would make some provision for the comfort of their after years before a bed of death teaches them that saddest of all lessons — that it is then too late! At that dread moment, when this world, with all its fleeting joys, its busy wisdom, is quickly passing away, how sounds the knell in dying ears? It hoarsely murmurs, "Too late! too late!" Too late to retrieve lost time, regain talents that have been idly wasted, or provide for the poor innocent creatures that call for support! Again the knell reverberates, till the silence of death speaks yet more solemnly to those around that to the poor sleeper it is indeed too late!

It may not be that outward circumstances have anything to do with a number of admirers; certain it is, however, that after her father's death Ellen saw herself deserted, and would have found some difficulty in marrying even if she had so wished. She was no longer young, and her attendance on peevish age had given acidity to a temper whose characteristic in youth had been placid good humour. Her intellectual acquirements had never been great, but in youth we do not criticise a woman's mind, more especially if rosy lips smile at our words, and sparkling eyes look as if they understood our discussion. To most of us it is so great a pleasure to teach the beloved one, that we forget a time may come when we shall tire, and wish to change our pretty plaything into a reasonable companion. Happy he whose choice falls on one not too proud to be taught nor too stupid to learn; one who can be a helpmate, and yet a loving simple woman; who (next to God) feels her

husband most worthy of her best hopes, her heart, her soul; whose efforts in this world are for his happiness; who lives but to secure it; and whose prayer is that she may breathe her last sigh on his bosom. All women are not by nature like this; many — beauties especially — might have been so, but flattery, and the foolish idea that outward appearance alone is thought of in the world, cause them to neglect the culture of the mind, thus leaving them nothing when their charms have faded. What beauty save in the scent do we find in the withered rose leaf? and yet it has been the proud enemy of the prince of flowers. Poor Ellen's charms were like the leaf — withered and gone; her figure, once so round, was now thin and angular; the formerly flowing hair no longer floated over her white neck, but, thin and devoid of ringlets, its utmost efforts could scarcely hide the faded cheek. The ravages of time had not even spared the pouting lips and soft musical voice, whose notes, now changed to a higher key, sounded shrill and harsh: in short, nought remained to show that beauty had once found a resting-place in the form of Ellen Forrester.

Sixteen years had passed away, to Frederick but as so many months, so occupied had he been by his pursuit of fame and fortune; to Ellen a lifetime, for she had been young at the commencement, and now she felt that the heyday of her youth had gone never to return. Sixteen times had the sweet breath of spring covered the earth with beauty, when Frederick, a not much richer man than when he left, but still in the prime of manhood, once more set foot upon his native shore. It might be that a shade of sadness mingled with his joy, but it was only momentary, for he knew Ellen was still unmarried, and that knowledge caused his heart to beat with joyful emotion. A change, a strange change, had come over everything in his native town: handsome streets had started into life, where he remembered green fields; where he recollected the haunts of fashion, now stood a huge railway terminus; here faces, once familiar to him, exhibited grey locks, and were marked by time and age; all, all were changed, yet never did his mind for one moment suspect that Ellen could be so! She ever rose before him with sunny locks and fairy form, and it was with the same warm impetuous feelings that sixteen years before he had felt thrilling through every nerve, that he stood before Miss Forrester's door, his trembling hand scarce able to obey him.

I will draw a veil over the shock which sent a chill to Frederick's heart on Ellen's appearance. Not even the parting from her wrung forth such bitter tears, for he

had still left to him love—now it was parting from love itself. I cannot, will not, speak of how each day, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary, he found the impossibility of restoring to brightness the flame which, though standing the test of long absence, had, by the change in the object, only flickered for a few moments and then disappeared for ever, leaving darkness and loneliness to the heart whose only light for so many years had been the beacon star of hope—the hope of his return being blessed with a union with the loved one of his youth.

Many would call Frederick unreasonable, foolish, and even false. I will not defend him save by saying that in this world we meet many Frederick Dalys. The sanguine are prone to disappointment—they paint life as they think it, not as it is; thus they feel more than those of cool temperament, and they are apt to be hurried away by the excitement of the moment to forget all minor difficulties. It is not always so, I confess; and many who weave bright dreams of future happiness, of the time fate will unite them with those they love, find the reality far surpass their fondest expectations. But these are exceptions, for, as a general rule, few engagements entered into without any definite time being fixed for the end of their probation end happily. I know this is a doctrine which will draw down upon me the censure of the young, but age tells us that romantic fantasies are too often fatal to the peace of those who are just entering into life, more especially those dangerous delineations of overwrought feeling that come in the pleasant guise of poetry and fiction. Far be it from me to take from woman one of her most charming attributes—love of the ideal; it is that which casts such a halo round her that it purifies the very atmosphere she breathes. Cherish, therefore, sweet woman, thy ideal dreams, thy belief in this world's goodness, of virtue like thine own, of kindness and good will that thy loving nature would shower down upon thy fellow-mortals; dream on, and never lose thy bright ideal, and thou wilt be as an angel of light to him who shall call thee wife—but eschew that morbid romantic feeling which, if encouraged, will lead only to discontent of heart and weariness of spirit. Frederick's mind, for ever in a chaos of tumultuous thoughts, caused him to pass through all the various alternations of hope and despair. At one time honour decided that he ought, at whatever sacrifice of his own feelings, to marry Ellen, but reluctant, by doing her this justice, to doom himself to a life of wretchedness, Frederick felt his very existence become a burden to him. This continual

struggle could not last, and one day a few words, casually spoken, raised the violence of Ellen's now altered temper. Reproach followed reproach, and they parted never to be reunited, for bitter words had passed that could not be forgotten—words that precluded all hope of reconciliation; not even the possibility of friendship remained to them—of friendship that often ripens into but never occupies the deserted throne of love. To Frederick what was now his native land? a dreary wilderness! Pride forbade any attempt at explanation, and a longer residence near Ellen only caused a thousand painful emotions. To love again, after a lifetime of fidelity to what had been the shadow of a shade, was impossible, and he went forth a lonely discontented man, soured with the bright world, and seeing only grief and care in those flowers from which others extracted hope and cheerfulness. This life he could not long endure, and India once more became the haven, not of hope but rest, where, a few short years after his return, Frederick found that final repose which to the weary wayfarer is so sweet. On a death-bed how different all things appear! There Frederick could trace how selfishly he had acted, how Ellen owed to him the decay of her girlish bloom; her faded cheek and altered temper rose up before him, and when, in the silence of the night, he held commune with his heart, he wept the bitter tears of manhood at the mistake in early life that had ruined his own hopes and blighted the days of another.

On his death-bed the name of Ellen escaped his lips, and, bequeathing to her his dearly-bought fortune, he proved his wish to compensate in some degree for the prospects blighted by his inconsiderate selfishness, and save her an old age embittered by the pressure of poverty and neglect.

In a watering-place full of the restless gossips in nature lives Ellen Forrester; you will meet her at all times and everywhere. Whether thoughts of Frederick ever intrude is known but to herself, as she has too many friends and too manifold occupations for casual observers to fancy recollections of the past, tinged with the yellow hue of melancholy the various teadrinkings and chatterings in which her days pass away. Money has worked a change in the world's demeanour to her, and consequently in her disposition, as she now finds everyone inclined to give way to her; still she is not loved as she would have been had she in her youth become that most delightful, most honoured, and most useful member of society—a happy wife and mother.

WAR OF THE NOVELISTS AGAINST FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

The world will never approach to anything like a state of perfection until we shall have entirely got rid of fathers and mothers. There are no greater nuisances under the sun, as must by this time be clear to everybody who studies the writings of contemporary novelists. In these sage and instructive narratives the mothers are generally disposed of as a preliminary arrangement, because apparently the historian of passion is unable to advance a single step before these Gorgons have been put out of the way. A precisely similar fate would probably attend the fathers, were it not that they are too weak and silly to give umbrage to anyone, or that even the novelist most sanguinary in disposition finds it necessary to spare them for many years, because it is occasionally convenient to make reference to such personages, either in matters connected with cash, or in order that they may play the ogre, and by their ferocity and unnatural caprices mar for awhile the happiness of the young people.

Throughout this sublunary sphere we witness the most extraordinary contrasts, otherwise it would be a matter of surprise, that parents so wicked and worthless as we find them in novels should give birth to children so gentle and so loving, as of necessity all heroes and heroines are. Physiologists, however, maintain that resemblances often disappear in the first generation to display themselves in the second, so that it is just within the limits of possibility, that the beautiful *Blanche* or *Clementina* may be the very picture of her grandmother. Indeed we have heard many things said of the old lady. She was good. No one could say that black was the white of her eye. The only fault she ever committed was that of being parent to so unfeeling, so negligent, so coquettish, inconstant, and sickly a personage as the heroine's abominable mother, who was, of course, a plague to her family before she got married, and a curse to her husband afterwards.

We are, in fact, loth to say what we think of fathers and mothers in general. We never expect to be fathers or mothers ourselves, so that we are not in the slightest degree interested in the affair. Neither do we possess any such relatives, and indeed it is thought by many of our most intimate friends that we never did, otherwise they would have left us an estate, or given us a profession, which unhappily they did not. Our only occupation for the last century has been to read new novels, and suck forth all that exquisite philosophy

which they contain. We have in this way grown so wise that we hardly know what to do with ourselves. We find nothing in this world good enough for us, our minds having been rendered transcendently sentimental, our tastes so indescribably refined, and our expectations so vast, that nothing whatever can possibly satisfy us—at least nothing short of the utter extinction of the races paternal and maternal. Our delight is to live with heroes and heroines, to listen to what Shakespeare calls "their windy aspirations," and to gaze on their supercelestial beauty, which resembles nothing else in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. "None but itself can be its parallel!"

In this way, however, we attain to a degree of happiness nowhere tasted out of that delicious locality, that imaginative Utopia, denominated a fool's paradise. Our habitual intercourse is with the magnanimous creations of Sir Bulwer Lytton, or with Trollopian young Loves, or with the Coningsbys, Sybils, and Tancred of the great magician of Shrewsbury. Occasionally in the course of our protracted existence, we have condescended to hold intercourse with such plebeian fellows as Parson Adams, Tom Jones, Gil Bias, and Lazarillo de Tormes. But this has been only a passing indulgence. Our habitual preference is for fashionable people, especially heroines, creatures of gauze and whalebone, who float through an atmosphere impregnated with attar of roses, whose only "dream of life from morn till night is love—still love!" These are the people for our money. What gratification can possibly be derived from conversing with individuals who have probably passed their sixth lustrum, who have applied themselves to vulgar occupations, who have degraded themselves by the performance of vulgar duties, who have been kind and charitable to the poor, or have possibly been poor themselves! The bare idea of a person being in want freezes our sympathy. But what shall we say when ignorance is added to poverty, and low birth to both? Nothing can reconcile us to a novel in which a single character below a baronet is introduced. Low people have no feelings, no passions, no hearts or souls, or anything of that sort. They plod on through life like so many sheep or oxen, and are too happy if they can pick up anything to eat by the way. Is it not quite natural that they should be our aversion, seeing we have been accustomed to move in good society, and been spoiled as some, perhaps, would say, by the soft converse of the Agneses, the Emilies, the Roses, the Alices, and the Aglaïas?

Whenever a father is brought in, it is a signal for us to make our escape. If he be not a despotic tyrant, rejoicing in the unhappiness of his children, persecuting some of them, and starving others, he is a weak and silly person, who, having lost his wife, shuts himself up, and becomes a misanthrope, sees no one, no, not even his only daughter, who, nevertheless, grows up a miracle of prudence, gentleness, affection, and all that; otherwise the old gentleman is a patriot, and attends so exclusively to his parliamentary duties that he has not a moment to bestow on his daughter—the heroine. Even during the recess, he goes, of course, to Saint Stephen's Chapel; or, if not, sits at home amid piles of blue books, studying difficult cases, and preparing for the next session. Still our heroine is all right, as the coachmen say. Paternal neglect produces no pernicious consequences on her. She is a pattern of whatever is good, and excellent, and virtuous, and what not, and contrasts most advantageously with her papa.

Sometimes the rising generation is edited by the exhibition of a demoniacal paternal entity, hating his own son through some unhappy hallucination, disowning and turning him forth to make the best he can of this homespun world of ours. Of course the young gentleman runs a great many risks, displays unbounded affection towards his ghoul of a father, makes friends everywhere, and has scarcely to complain of anyone, save the very individual who should have been his best friend. This, of course, is extremely interesting, and inculcates a fine and wholesome moral, namely, that it is exceedingly absurd to love and honour your parents, who, as a rule, never do anything for their children in this Christian country—never support them in infancy—never educate them, but abandon their young years to chance, and attend exclusively to their own pleasures and gratifications.

To remedy all this, we understand that a spirited member of the Young England section intends next year to introduce a bill into the House of Commons for sending all fathers and mothers to the penal settlements.

The idea is a magnificent one, and well worthy of the age in which we live. Nothing will go right till something of the kind is done. Look at society, as it is faithfully represented to us by contemporary fiction, and you will discover that as soon as ever people have children, their hearts by some mysterious process become hardened; or else they are inspired by the saturnian passion for devouring their own offspring.

Helvetius formerly observed that natural

love descends, but does not ascend—a doctrine which many youthful philosophers treated at the time as a libel on the best feelings of their hearts. Our contemporaries have undertaken to make good the contrary proposition, probably out of opposition to Helvetius, who, as a Frenchman, may be supposed to have known nothing of the matter. Besides, he had no children himself, and therefore his speculations on paternal and maternal love were only so many fancies based on imperfect observation, and grievously intermixed with paradox.

The wise men of these days know much better. According to them, love by no means resembles a stream which flows from its source towards the sea, but is a sort of water that delights in running backwards. If nature anywhere appears to act contrary to this rule, it is a mistake on her part, and she should be taught better.

This is the theory of the sensitive and tender Mrs. Trollope, of the modest and gentle Mrs. Gore, of the prolific and chivalrous Mr. James, and of sundry other celebrities too numerous to mention. Mr. Dickens has a knack of preserving his fathers and mothers alive, and, what is more, of making them interesting, which may be one reason why nobody reads his books. Still even he, little truculent as is his nature, is compelled occasionally to concede something to the tendencies of the age, and to slaughter a mother or so out of complaisance.

There is a race in another part of the world who, partly through veneration and partly through economy, eat up their old people before they have time to exhibit all their diabolical wickedness. When a man has been guilty of the sin of being father to a child or two, they get him, together with the partner of his wickedness, to climb up into a tree, and then, assembling round it in great numbers, they shake it so violently, crying out all the while, "The fruit is ripe!" that presently the delinquents tumble to the ground, where, if necessary, they are dispatched with clubs, cut up into kabobs, and cooked for the entertainment of all those who have assisted at the ceremony. Our novelists have evidently derived their philosophy from that refined and wise people whose leading maxim it is, that you should keep no more cats than can catch mice.

The novelists of former days sadly perplexed themselves with endeavours to invest characters of a certain age, fathers, mothers, guardians, and even uncles, with a certain degree of interest which improved, as they fancied, the whole fabric of their narratives. For example, old Dr. Primrose and Mrs. Primrose are repre-

sented as pretty tolerable persons, with whom it would be possible to talk three quarters of an hour without perishing of ennui. And then there's our Uncle Toby—what could we have done without him? He is the very salt of the whole composition, which scarcely anything but his presence could have rendered savoury, for, in spite of Mr. Shandy's theory of noses, and Mrs. Shandy's conjugal taste for disputation, we think Tristram would not have been able to maintain his ground with the public but for the assistance of his Uncle Toby, for even Trim must have disappeared had not that sweet compound of kindness and courtesy been introduced and required his faithful ministry.

It is quite true that the leaves of last season must make way for those of the present spring; but there is a beauty in the foliage which time has clothed in gay and golden drapery before drifting it off into the abyss of oblivion, and the skilful artist, therefore, will be careful to represent it in its place. We would not have the heroine and her mother transposed, and represent the latter flirting and sentimentalising, while the former was engaged in household cares, or in imparting the lessons of a pure and disciplined intellect to those older than herself—"Everything," says the wise man, "is beautiful in its season." It would be a grievous solecism in art to pile up the rich and golden fruits of summer in the lap of spring, or to strew with autumnal leaves the glowing plains of June. But in pictures of the year, even the snows and storms of winter find a place, and greatly enhance the grandeur and interest of the whole.

If there be any who imagine that, when a woman has a grown-up daughter, she must, of necessity, cease to be interesting, we entreat them to examine the story and characters of the "Winter's Tale," where nearly all the personages of the drama are, before its conclusion, people of a certain age. Florizel is a nonentity. Perdita is young and beautiful, and, to a certain degree, commands our sympathy, but sinks almost into insignificance when her mother, Hermione, comes upon the stage with her long smothered affections and beauty dimmed and tarnished by time. Perdita excites a pleasing sentiment, partly interest and partly admiration, but Hermione carries along with her all our best and most powerful feelings which by witnessing her distress are gradually worked up into a tempest of emotion.

Again, in "Lear," we find an individual, of the genus *pater*, exercising over our microcosm an influence which few heroines, however magnificent may be their satin petticoats, ever exercise in an equal de-

gree; not that we would for one moment institute a comparison between the father of Regan and Goneril and the exquisite and tender Lady Fanny. Neither should we counsel a novelist to select an old man like Lear for his hero, and describe him as making havoc among the hearts of spinsters. Such is by no means our intention. We only contend for the practicability of making something in fiction of persons who are no longer in the heyday of youth. There is work in this world to do for all, and true pictures of life will as faithfully represent fathers and mothers, in their particular relations, as daughters and sons.

Of course Don Quixote is not a novel in the ordinary sense, nor, so far as we have been able to discover, was the hero father of anything, except, perhaps, of a number of extraordinary sayings, which everybody has since learned by heart; but if we remember correctly the chronology of La Mancha, the knight of the rueful countenance was, at the very outset of his adventures, of a good fatherly age, that is to say, old enough to be killed off according to the laws of the present fashion. Yet upon this elderly gentleman does the author pile up a world of interest. Throughout the narrative no one, we believe, falls in love with him, least of all the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, upon whom he concentrates his own chivalrous affections: but what of that? All the world, man, woman, and child, love him now, so that the Don may be said to have more affairs upon his hands than any beau in Christendom. And his admirers are found among people of all ranks, from cook maids and kitchen wenches up to queens. The whole sex condemns the frigidity of Dulcinea, who could misprize the passion of so romantic a knight, the very flower of courtesy, and pink of all gentle and amiable qualities.

Uncle Toby himself is but Don Quixote stripped of his armour and belligerent propensities, and invested with a quantity of good wholesome flesh upon his bones. The Don is a scarecrow, my Uncle Toby is fat; the Don issues hot from romance reading, in search of giants and miscreants whom he may sacrifice to his indiscriminate vengeance against everything that is ungentlemanly. My Uncle Toby has been a warrior in his youth, and having been incapacitated from active service, reverses the Don's career, and takes to reading in the latter part of life, when it is likely to be of much less service to a man. This mode of proceeding in fact resembles the Dutch theory of justice developed at Amboyna, according to which men were hung first and judged afterwards. So it was with my Uncle Toby, and with thousands of others, who take their minds out naked

into the world, expose them to all sorts of wounds and disasters, and then after they have been pierced, bruised, buffeted about, and reduced almost to the last gasp, withdraw them from the scene of action, and give them the clothing and the armour which they ought to have had at the outset. The Don's method was far better. He read his romances first, stored his mind with chivalric maxims, and then sallied forth from his closet to put them in practice by fighting windmills under the impression that they were giants, and slaughtering sheep for the enemy's infantry. But as the hero of *La Mancha* does not properly belong to the race marked out for extirpation, we omit to dwell upon his qualifications and achievements, and return to some of the fathers of modern fiction. In one single novel, which most subscribers to circulating libraries will have read, we find two samples of pater-nity, the like of which will not, it is to be hoped, be met with in the living world in the course of a century. We have heard of gentlemen who devoted themselves with a sort of heroic passion to the perpetual torture of their own families, who stabbed their sons, scourged their daughters, kicked their wives up and down stairs, and performed sundry other acts equally gentle and becoming. We have also heard of daughters mild and meek as could possibly be, who poisoned their fathers, and were sufficiently mistresses of themselves to remain with them during their last agonies, and allow them to expire with their heads upon their breasts. But these fathers and daughters are not, it must be confessed, exactly in the ordinary course of things, upon which account it would be exceedingly wrong for a novelist to select one of these heteroclitic personages as a pattern to work out a hero or heroine after. Nevertheless, an extremely popular author among our contemporaries has fallen into something very like this error. She has drawn, as we have said, a couple of fathers, one of whom behaves cruelly to his son, the other to his daughter, in order, as we may presume, to make the young folks take to each other, and augment their stock of mutual sympathy. The young lady's philosophical progenitor forswears her acquaintance at three years old, and hands her over for discipline to her grandmother, who, as all grandmothers should be, is quite a delightful individual. No doubt she had once been a mother, at which period she was probably as satanic as other mothers, but when her daughter was dead, and she had got rid of that unpleasant relationship, all the amiableness of her juvenile nature returned to her, and she rose at once into that most beautiful

of all natures—a woman. If a father at any time desire to shift off from himself the care of his offspring, we would strongly, of course, advise him to provide for the occasion a grandmother such as this. Still he will have to run some risk. His child, for example, might grow up with ruddy cheeks, and acquire robust health, which, to a father who rather admires paleness, and delicacy, and fragility of form, must be perfectly shocking. We once heard of an old gentleman, the faithful disciple of this theory, who, from apprehension that his son might grow fat, and possess the thews and sinews of a coalheaver, used to go up every night and pummel him in his sleep. This he did partly for his son's sake, and partly for his own, because he sadly wanted exercise, and knew not how else to take it. It may be objected that he displayed exceedingly small aptitude for invention, which we deny, since he hit upon, in our opinion, the most original method that has ever come to our knowledge. However this may be, the brace of fathers in the novel in question strongly resemble each other in their system of tactics, though they introduce a little variety into the details. The man who has the care of a son on his hands, torments him with laudable assiduity for forty years, which demonstrates at once the strength of his love and his constitution. Besides, the plan works well, producing in the young man the most happy results. He turns out during his nonage the most affectionate and dutiful son, and when the paternal authority is removed, and he has leisure to display the other side of his character, he proves equally exemplary as a husband. But further this deponent saith not. Into the mysteries of his fatherhood the historian does not enter, otherwise she would doubtless have had to exhibit him with all the vices incident to that detestable condition of life. We therefore end as we began, by praying for an act of parliament for the suppression of fathers and mothers, and for the thinning, or, as Butler would phrase it, averuncation of uncles and aunts. Generally, all people are obsolete at five and twenty, at which time the spirit of modern art is ready to hand them over to any other spirit, good or evil, that may feel disposed to take charge of them. We subscribe heartily to this decision, and sincerely trust that we shall have carried along with us all our readers, not one of whom, after what has been said, would, we are assured, be a father or a mother for the world.

STREET POETRY.

BY JOHN EDMUND READE.

No. I.

I stood amid the wilderness of streets
 Of mighty London: lanes and alleys wide
 As infinite Nature's trackless solitudes
 Opened around me: depths where misery
 broods
 In sullen trance; where the heart fainter
 beats
 Until its pulse be stilled; where struggling
 pride
 Hiding its sin of poverty from sight,
 Feeds on dull hope with sickening appetite.
 The idolatry of Nature was forgot:
 Passion that poured itself away before
 Sunsets, and woods, and hills, and ocean's
 roar,
 Sunk like unhealthful visions, and were not:
 Lost in the vast realities of life.
 I stood among, and felt the mighty strife
 Of action heaving round me; I was one
 With what I saw, a mission was begun.
 I said—"The things I see I will unfold,
 Familiar common sights that all behold:
 Wrong and oppression in the public ways
 Unheeded, scorned; the imposture that be-
 trays,
 The innocence that suffers for the crime:
 Pale want that turns to the averted eye
 With patient heart, and suffering sublime;
 Disease that speaks its truth to men who
 still
 Pass on, in cold distrust immoveable:—
 But most, the selfishness that wears the face
 Of virtue, then, when most it doth efface
 Her image; calm complacency that hears
 Griets that are sounds; that sees the scalding
 tears
 Dry on the cheek unseen; while inly weigh-
 ing
 Measures of food to lengthen the decaying
 Of dried-up life; that, with observant hand,
 Casts the spare crumbs, her garment gather-
 ing up
 (Mingling grave condescension with com-
 mand),
 Lest the convulsive grasp to seize the cup
 Approach too near; lest the infected breath
 Be felt; lest something of mutability
 Offend the delicate sense of the fine eye,
 Open disease, or earthlier smell of death!"

"MY CHILD'S GRAVE."

During the course of last summer I went into the country for the purpose of enjoying the fresh air during the hot months of July and August. My rambles led me one day to a churchyard, being a little away from the road, and entered by a narrow pathway between hedges of holly, overhung and shaded here and there by old yew-trees. The way was dark, but not gloomy; there was an air of solemn beauty about it, as there should be about all leading us into the solemn vaults of death, and the pleasant voices of birds made music above my head. The skylark soaring and singing more blithely as he rose higher and higher, seemed to direct my fancy up to the heavens, which arched its blue canopy alike over the living and the dead. I love to wander in these country churchyards, to indulge in the thousand varied thoughts to which they give rise, to gaze upon the stately monument speaking of the magnificent testimony of love paid by such as have wealth at their command to the departed relative, and to contrast with these the low grass mound, the nameless spot, where the spirit of affection which still broods over the place is denoted by the small rose-bush bending its blossoms over the sod and blooming monthly in token of the endless love by which the place is surrounded. This simple token of affection speaks more powerfully to the heart than all the pomp of marble, of sculpture, of inscription, and tablets. It is like the widow's mite, and embodies the will to do all that can be done for those that are gone, and is a testimony of undying tenderness.

In the place where I wandered there were graves of all descriptions, but situated in a sequestered spot, away from all towns, on the confines of a thinly inhabited village. There were very few which denoted a late visit to the churchyard. Time had woven networks of ivy over many; tall weeds nodded beside splendid tombs; flowers grew neglected near the resting-places of infants; and yew-trees, alone uninjured by the hand of time, stood like trusty guardians at the head and feet of others.

The sexton was, however, now engaged in digging a grave; he did not appear to notice my approach, and I observed that between pauses in his occupation he continually turned his eye in one direction, and remained thoughtfully leaning on his spade for some moments. I followed the track his glance took, and discovered a neatly tended grave at no great distance, towards which I now directed my footsteps. No great wonder that I should have experienced some surprise at beholding the

beautiful little spot before me! A white marble column occupied the middle; round it twined a moss rose-tree, carefully placed so as to permit the simple inscription to be seen. The words were few; they were as follows:—

MY CHILD'S GRAVE.

E. M.

JUNE, 18—.

My curiosity was excited, yet still my gaze wandered to the smooth velvet turf which surrounded the column, the primrose roots which circled its base, and the festoon which hung from the iron palisade above. The inscription seemed to speak little, but it told to me whole volumes of love. I began to weave a story of the tenderest affection; I pictured to myself some beloved infant snatched away in the first commencement of its career, some only child on whom all a parent's fondness had been showered until the hand of God had taken back unto himself the treasure he had given, when suddenly I turned my eyes in the direction of the old sexton, who had ceased from his work and had fixed his gaze upon me. When he perceived that he was observed he hastily resumed his labour, but I, little knowing the pain I was about to inflict, hurried towards him and abruptly inquired—

"Whose grave is that?" pointing to the little one I had just quitted.

For a moment or two no answer was returned. The poor old man never raised his head, but I perceived the flush which ran up his face and was discernable even between the thinly scattered grey hairs. Presently in a low choking voice he answered—

"It is my child's."

I stepped back noiselessly, for I perceived he was overpowered by emotion, and quickly quitted the place, resolved to inquire on a future occasion more into the story. In several successive days I visited the spot, and by gently drawing the old man into conversation, by degrees extracted the whole story from him. To relate it as it was told to me would occupy too much space and time, nor can I enter into any of the description of the intense display of feeling by which the narrative was accompanied. That I shall leave to the reader's imagination when he shall have perused the narrative, which displays only a little child's love for her father, how exerted, and from what it saved him. The lesson it imparts is an instructive one, and might prove of no little advantage to many. It betrays an acute sensitiveness of feeling frequently observable in those doomed to an early death, as though the feelings they were ever destined to experience during a long life had been concentrated into those few short years. But without further

preface I will now enter upon the relation of my story.

In the village of D— some years ago there lived a family of the name of Morsfield, comprised of a father, mother, and several children, the youngest of whom was a little cripple.

Edward Morsfield was known in all the country round as a most desperate character, whose ostensible method of earning a subsistence was shoemaking, but as, owing to his idle habits, little work came to his shop, and as prosperity still hovered over his dwelling, it was shrewdly conjectured that he employed other than lawful means for filling the hungry mouths of those by whom he was surrounded. His habits were dissolute in the extreme; he cared little for his children, and almost the only person who ever seemed to rouse any affection in him was his wife. The poor little cripple, Annie, he treated with some tenderness occasionally, just according to the humour in which he found himself. Towards the rest of his children he behaved with marked neglect and often cruelty. All this they patiently endured of him while their mother lived, but when at last her death brought confusion into the little household, each one after the other sought to find another home. So reckless indeed did he at last become, that the two remaining children, rather than live with him and be subjected to his perpetual ill-humour and harshness, one day left the house, carrying along with them little Annie, who loudly protested against going without seeing her father, who was then from home. Her brothers, however, in mistaken kindness, determined on taking her along with them. And when Edward Morsfield at last returned and heard from the neighbours what his children had done, he outwardly gave vent to his strong indignation in a few strong expressions, declaring he was glad to be rid of them, but within even his hard heart there struggled up an indefinable feeling of regret that the little one to whom alone he had been gentle had quitted him too, leaving him all alone in the world. With such a man, however, an emotion of this kind was not deep seated, or if so, was easily overpowered by the desire to indulge in those pleasures towards which his animal instinct led him. The ale-house that evening consoled him for the desertion of his children, and he returned home at a late hour perfectly insensible for the time to the pleasure and pain of this life, with just so much of consciousness remaining as to serve to direct him to his bed, on which he threw himself, dressed as he was.

It was a cold winter's night, and the wind howled round the little cottage with fearful violence. Without might be heard

the loud crashing of the waving trees, as they were swayed to and fro, bent now forward, now backward, by the breeze. Between pauses in the wind the rain came pattering heavily against the panes, and low moanings seemed to come, borne with every breeze, down the chimney, while the candle, almost half burnt down, flared to and fro upon the table. The night was far advanced, and at last something startled the man from his death-like slumber, and seemed to recal him to the world of sense. He opened his eyes, rubbed them, and listened attentively. The wind rose from a low breath to a loud roar, and subsided again into a shrill, quavering whistle. Again a sound without struck his ear. It was like the sobbing of a child. A painful thought flashed suddenly upon Morsfield's mind, and he started up and ran towards the door, opening which he discovered the figure of his little crippled child crouching without, dripping wet, and sobbing from mere excess of misery.

"Annie—Annie!" exclaimed Morsfield, shocked and startled, as he took the poor child up in his arms, "what do you do here?"

"Oh, father, I couldn't bear to leave you by yourself, so I came back to you while the others were asleep!"

"Where are they gone, Annie?"

"A long way. We walked all day and we came to a barn, and they went to sleep, but I couldn't sleep, for I was thinking about you, father, and I wanted to come back."

"And you came all in the wet and cold to me?"

"Oh, I wasn't very cold till I sat here, and then the rain came down on me so heavily that I couldn't help crying."

"Why did they go away, Annie?"

"Because they said you beat them, and scolded them, and did naughty things."

"And were not you afraid too?"

"No; I'm not afraid of you—you won't hurt me, will you?"

"No, Annie, no," said the man, pressing his lips firmly together to subdue some emotion; "I'm a bad man I know, but I won't hurt you. Come, you shall dry yourself, and you shall go to bed and get warm."

And Morsfield silently bestirred himself to light a fire, which, along with some food, soon restored the child to some degree of comfort, and then placing her in the bed, she threw her little arms round his neck, and nestling her little head against her father's breast, she, with her innocent mind at rest, was soon fast asleep, while Morsfield continued to ponder on the affection of his child, and to make a thousand inward promises of leading a better life in the time to come.

For a little time Morsfield, indeed, altered his course of life. He had been awakened by the desertion of his children, and the devotion of the almost helpless creature along with him, who, of all connected with him, was the only one who cared for him, and he resolved to earn his bread steadily like an honest man. Little Annie grew stronger, and sought to make herself as useful as her crutches would permit her. Never a day passed on which Morsfield did not receive some fresh proof of her attachment. She watched for his return home through the dusky panes when twilight threw its long shadows over the grass, when the moon rose steadily in the heavens, and night was far advanced; darkness had no terrors for her little soul. What she pondered over from day to day in her solitude none could tell. There was a deep seriousness in her behaviour almost unbecoming her years; so staid did her demeanour seem, so calm her speech, so mild the glance of that large, glorious blue eye. No one ever heard her express a murmur against her father's conduct. He was kind to her, and as far as so rude a man could unbend, sought to make her happy; but while she, profiting by the time on her hands, began a course of self-taught education, derived from the Bible principally, he was pursuing a reckless career, unmindful of the future, heedless of the present or past.

Annie, her little crutches laid at her side, would sit for hours in the evening with her Bible on her knee; when it grew too late to read at the cottage door on a stool, and watch the gradual unfolding of the beauties of night, the piercing of the azure depths by the infinitude of constellations, the trembling of their tiny rays, the bright sparkling of the evening star, which seemed to expand as she gazed. This star always appears to us larger in the country than when we look on it from the town, because, I suppose, the atmosphere in the latter case is surcharged with vapours which render the air through which we gaze more opaque, whereas in the country, the atmosphere being clear and pure, we discover the whole beauty of the constellation, in as far at least as it can be discovered by the naked eye. There is beauty in evening and in morning, the uprising and setting of the sun is alike glorious, but there is something soothing and calm in the repose of twilight which exercises a delightful influence upon the soul. In the morning, joy seems to burst upon us from all sides. There is movement around, above us; every flower, every bush, every tree, adds to the cheerful tone of the mind. The commencement of the day is ushered in with warm melodies by birds and all living things;

the sky has a freshness, a purity, an elasticity, borrowed in part from the buoyancy of our minds after we have been resting all night. But in the evening a sweeter hush seems to pervade all nature. The trees appear to wave more gently, the leaves to tremble less audibly, the mellowed light, the gradually darkening background of every picture, the withdrawal of every flower and blade of grass by degrees from our sight, the gloriously illumined horizon with its fading colours, the distant hum of the busy multitude, the song of some lone bird in her solitary nest, all give rise to a thousand sublime thoughts, and awaken the holiest associations. We look with wonder on the morning, and with subdued admiration upon the evening.

Annie felt something of this as she sat gazing up into those depths above, where her youthful imagination placed the heaven in which she hoped some day to be a sojourner. There was mystery in the thought, but a pleasing mystery. She looked on the prospect of death without fear, because her heart told her of nothing which should make her tremble at it. As much innocence as can be found on earth was stamped upon her brow; and the mild light of her blue eyes beaming clearly forth told of no guile lurking behind. How came she, so pure and innocent, to be associated with a man like Edward Morsfield? The problem is one apparently of difficult solution, yet to the reflective mind, accustomed to ponder deeply upon the inscrutable purposes of the Almighty, does it not suggest itself that there was a purpose even in this, that he suffered their little child to linger upon earth to warn its sinning father of his wickedness, and arouse him from its pursuit?

One summer's evening, Annie was awaiting her father's return, as usual, on the step of the cottage. The air was close and oppressive, the sun seemed to go in trouble down to rest, black clouds skirted the whole edge of the horizon. Not a leaf in all nature stirred. It appeared as though stagnation had suddenly fallen with leaden weight upon everything. The pool by the road side was as smooth as glass, and the descent of numerous gnats upon its green surface seemed scarcely to ruffle it, while a faint lurid glare, as though a canopy of mist obscured a vast conflagration beyond, beamed through the mass of white vapour which dimmed the blue of the whole heavens. A thunder-storm was evidently approaching; and Annie, accustomed to the signs of the times, watched with anxiety for her father's return. Their cottage stood upon the road side, alone and quite out of the village, down to which a lane opposite led, while the highway branched

off on either side. To the right, a long way on the road, a wood rose, and through this the road passed. At the time of which we speak, it was considered perilous to be out in this forest after dark, and few of the villagers ventured there.

Annie's gaze was now directed in a contrary direction, for she was watching the blue streak of light which seemed suddenly to start into existence, and expand from a small point of light into floods of liquid fire. Flash after flash played upon the surface of the black clouds, without any sound of thunder, for the storm was now very far off, but at length a thin thread of fire darted in forked lines across the sky, and a low muttered growl rolled over the heavens. Large drops of rain began to descend, and just as Annie was about to withdraw, she observed her father advancing along the road in company with a gentleman with a small travelling portmanteau in his hand. They were hurrying towards the cottage, doubtless for the purpose of obtaining shelter from the storm; Annie therefore entered and awaited their approach.

Edward Morsfield showed the gentleman into the house, and manifested the most eager desire to make him comfortable.

"I am sorry to intrude upon your family," said the stranger.

"Oh, pray do not mention it," said Morsfield, "this little thing is all my family, and I am sure she will do anything in her power to assist me to treat you hospitably, wont you, Annie?"

The stranger glanced towards the child as she uttered her simple "Yes, father," and appeared for a few moments interested in her beautiful countenance as it beamed upon him in the uncertain light of evening, and was illumined brightly every now and then by a flash of lightning; he then turned away his gaze. There was a subdued expression about his face which spoke of care and suffering; he was past the prime of life, and had been handsome, and there was a military air about him which even interested little Annie. She did not tire of gazing at his finely pencilled moustache, his chesnut locks, and the fine gold chain and rings upon his neck and fingers.

"Is it far to Colville?" inquired he of Morsfield.

"Nine miles, sir."

"Indeed! so much! Is there no conveyance? I much wished to reach there to-night."

"I am afraid not, sir, but I will see after you have had something to eat."

"You had better wait until the storm is somewhat abated," said the stranger; "I will not ask you to venture out now."

The storm rose higher and higher; the

rain now descended in torrents, and the flashes of lightning seemed to be scarcely one instant apart, and the thunder roared so loudly as if every moment threatening to burst over the roof of the little cottage. Morsfield's cheek blanched — Annie experienced no terror; she amused herself with watching the flashes, while the stranger himself seemed uneasy.

At length, Morsfield having assisted Annie to prepare a rude supper for the stranger, he sat down to partake of it, not without inviting his host to share it with him.

"I must take up my quarters here, for some part of the night, at least," said the stranger, "and I must therefore make myself as comfortable as I can."

So saying he proceeded to his travelling-case, and took from thence a few packages, a heavy money-bag, a pocket-book, and lastly a large flask bottle of brandy, of which he mixed two tumblers, gave one to Morsfield, and took the other himself.

Morsfield's eye was fixed upon the bag of gold, which the stranger now deposited carelessly upon the floor, but perceiving that he was observed he hastily withdrew it, and commenced chatting cheerfully with his guest.

Annie's face was turned towards the window. Without, the scene was dark; the lightning, illuminating the picture at intervals, revealed the swinging to and fro of the trees as their heavy forms were stirred into commotion beneath its influence. One old beech stood in front of the cottage and spread its rounded branches before the window. Annie's eyes naturally reverted to the picture as often as a flash of lightning flooded all nature with its beams, and then as rapidly withdrew them to leave behind a darkness more palpable. Once, on gazing through the glittering window-frame on the now dark landscape beyond, she plainly distinguished some figure crossing the narrow space between the tree and the cottage, and passing on like a shadow. Another gleam from Heaven shot down, and in that brief instant of time Annie plainly discerned the form of a man bent in the attitude of one listening. A shudder, announcing a dread, for the origin of which she could not account, ran through her frame, and cold drops of perspiration stood upon her forehead. She neither moved nor shrieked, but fixed her eyes upon the object without, nor did she manifest any more emotion when a face was obtruded close to the window-frame. Glancing at this moment towards her father, she perceived that the colour had forsaken his cheeks, while his eyes were intently and inquiringly fixed upon her countenance.

"There is some one outside, father."

"Well, child, and what if there be?"

"I should hardly think so, in this storm," remarked the stranger, who until now had been too much buried in his own thoughts to observe anything of what was passing around him.

"Nor I," replied Morsfield; and for the first time a frown was on his countenance as he turned towards his child. "I will look out and see."

He opened the cottage door, and stepped a few paces out. Annie was sure she distinguished whispering, and was therefore astonished when her father returned and said that there was no one to be seen. What was the meaning of this concealment? what could he be engaged in? Suspicion had only been too often awakened in her young mind to cause her to banish it with much promptitude. She had learned to entertain the idea, and to feed on it, as each day brought some fresh accessions to their comfort without the apparent means existing of procuring the commonest necessities of life. She fixed her large blue eyes upon her father as he entered, and he read there a stern severity little in accordance with their customary expression. He turned away to the stranger and said—

"The storm is evidently abating, the rain has almost ceased, and the wind is hushing. Hark how distant the thunder now sounds! I will go and see if I can procure you any conveyance."

"Thank you, thank you," said the stranger; "go as soon as you can, but do not expose yourself yet needlessly to the storm."

Morsfield, however, from some reason of his own, now manifested as eager a desire to be rid of the stranger as he had before shown himself willing to detain him. There was a mystery in his behaviour which wounded poor little Annie deeply; she felt a presentiment of coming evil which she could not shake off, reason as she would, though it must be confessed that her little mind reasoned but in a limited degree. She was governed more by her sensation, her natural instinct, than by her reasoning powers.

An hour passed, at the end of which Morsfield returned with the news that no conveyance of any kind could be procured, but that the storm had entirely ceased and the way to Colville was clear and unmitakeable.

"If you take the path through the wood, instead of the road," said Morsfield, with blanched lips, "you will find your way easier and shorter."

Short enough indeed he was to find it!

"You would perhaps like to stay all night here?" said Morsfield.

"Why—no," stammered the stranger, "I want to go, and yet something tells me

I had better not. I have an uncomfortable sort of feeling, a kind of heartburn, which with me always precedes something disagreeable. You look fatigued."

Morsfield's face had, during the stranger's speech, turned as pale as ashes. He leaned his two hands for support upon the back of a chair, while Annie stood gazing upon him with an emotion of pity struggling in her bosom with another of a more powerful nature.

"I am rather tired of the day's work, but I will escort you through the wood."

"Oh! I can find my way, I dare say," said the stranger.

"No, I don't think it would be quite so well for you to go alone; that wood is a queer place, and maybe you might meet with unpleasant companions."

"Well, I have no objection to your company, my good man, so we will set off now, if you please." And slipping something into Annie's hand, he stepped forth.

"It is a dark night," said he, as, glancing around, he perceived neither moon nor stars, but only long streaks of heavy clouds coursing their way over a leaden expanse of sky, and hastening on to spread destruction and awe in other portions of the country.

Annie watched the gradual enfolding of the two forms in the shadow of night, and then withdrew into the cottage to find comfort in prayer. Her thoughts were disturbed, and she could not therefore subdue her feelings into that calm repose which should constitute the frame of mind fitted for prayer. She found herself lisping unmeaning words, murmuring broken sentences, and suffering the remainder to die upon her lips; and starting suddenly to her feet, she resolved to pray no longer until she was more composed. Again and again she went to the cottage door and looked forth on the dark and echoless solitude which seemed spread out before her, and again and again she returned and meditated retiring to rest. But, as the dull moments seemed to expand around her into endless circles, she found herself becoming more and more restless. What was she waiting for — what watching for? Nothing definable, yet it was something. Something! Yes, one of those horrid imaginations which gloried upon the troubled mind of Macbeth, and suffered him neither to find peace in sleeping nor in waking. A dim, uncertain, dreadful picture rose up in the near future and obstructed all glance beyond; there was not light enough in her mind to permit her to cast its reflection upon it powerfully enough to discern distinctly the features which stood most prominently in the foreground. On the canvas was spread out the dark scene of a drama with whose

characteristics she was not familiar; she only felt there was movement, and that movement was crime!

Again Annie stood at the cottage door, and again she looked forth upon the unlighted scene. How familiar her gaze had become with the troubled aspect of the sky, the distant tract of country, the dark wood, and the two lines of buildings on the slope of the hill! Every time she looked out a fascination drew her glance in the direction of the wood, with which her fears, she felt, were in some way or another intimately connected. At length, drawn by an irresistible feeling for which she could not afterwards account, she took up her little crutches and went also forth into the night air.

Morsfield and his companion journeyed on in silence until they had fairly entered the forest, when they struck off into a path chosen by Morsfield.

"Why this seems to lead us quite in a contrary direction, my good fellow," said the stranger; "Colville, to my mind, lies off to the right here."

"Oh no, sir, it don't, this is the short cut, I'm certain. I've been too often to Colville not to know the way."

Again there was a deep silence. The travellers sank up to their ancles every now and then in mud, and passing through unfrequented places they ran continually up against old trunks long ago cut down, tangled shrubs, and tall weeds.

At length the path began to grow narrower and narrower. On either side stretched away an impenetrable mass of dark trees, between whose trunks long dusky avenues were found, unrelieved on this night by a single ray of light. No glimpse of open country could be obtained; low undergrowth blocked up all vistas of anything beyond the wood, and immediately in front, as on all sides, the same impervious curtain hung. They now arrived at a little open glade; on one side stretched a long narrow pool, whose waters were covered by that green mantle of which Shakespeare has sung, and overhung by a frieze of dwarf willow-trees, at whose roots clustered the mallow, the water-tulip, the bulrush, and tangled masses of grass, all weaving and interweaving into heavy canopies to screen what lay beneath them in the recesses of the water. From the pool a soft green sward, seldom trodden by the foot of man, stretched out in a semicircle to meet the trees.

When arrived at this point, the stranger, suddenly glancing around him, turned with much sternness to his conductor and inquired whither he was leading him, for no sign of a path on any side presented itself. His only answer was a loud laugh, which rang amid the dark solitude of the forest,

and died away in the undergrowth; and before he had time to collect himself or prepare for any attack, he was seized and pinioned by some force from behind, while a heavy blow from a heavy stick sent him stunned to the ground without a word or groan.

"Make haste," said the hoarse voice of Morsfield, "he is only slightly stunned, and he will recover shortly."

Two men now knelt by the side of the stranger and began to rifle his pockets; turning the light of a dark lantern upon him they began their search, and drew forth a watch and gold pencil-case, and then, opening the breast of his waistcoat, rudely dragged out a black ribbon, to which was suspended a miniature. Morsfield started as his eye caught a glimpse of an aged countenance depicted on the ivory, and he turned its face down as he thought it was the mother of the man they were ill-using.

"You don't intend him to get off with that, Morsfield, do you?" inquired one of the men.

"Of course he doesn't, or he's not what I take him for."

"What good can we do by killing him?" inquired Morsfield.

"What good? hear him talk! Why, doesn't he know who brought him here? There, see, he's moving!"

Surely enough the stranger began to recover his animation, perceiving which every bad passion in the heart of each spectator became aroused. Morsfield was about to plunge a knife into his breast, when there broke upon the stillness of night one long death-like shriek, which rang far and near, wakening every echo in the forest, which sent it reverberating back to its utmost limits.

Transfixed with terror, Morsfield clenched the knife more firmly in his hand, and stood in the attitude of one listening for a repetition of what had so bewildered him. But none came; no sound was heard, no movement betokened human approach.

The eyes of the three desperate men sought each other—they asked silently for an explanation; while the two on the ground pressed their hands heavily upon the mouth and chest of the stranger to prevent any movement on his part. They could not speak or move for some time, when Morsfield, fixing his eyes intently on the spot whence the sound appeared to proceed, discovered something which, in the dim light around them, resembled a heap of snow. There was a white substance gathered up near the foot of a tall beech. A flood of emotion bubbled up in the guilty heart of the murderer all but in actual deed, as he stood, the instrument of death still in his hand, over the body of

the fallen man. Shame, remorse, wonder, and fear struggled for the mastery. Something whispered that a pure innocent being breathed the guilty and tainted atmosphere around him—that the only link between him and a world of which he knew nothing, or cared to know nothing, was near. A light broke over his soul—a light of love seemed suddenly to illumine his inward nature. He stooped down to the bending form at his feet, and whispered—"Let the man live!" in tones so earnest and so calm, that they involuntarily let go their hold and remained inactive.

"Leave it all, and let us go!"

"Leave it! not me! You may leave it if you will, now you have brought us into it, but the money we'll have."

"Don't harm the man; promise that, or you'll repent it."

"Harm him! not me, if he lies quiet; but an he moves he shall feel what we're made of."

"What, Morsfield, afraid because an owl has shrieked and hooted in the night?" inquired the one who had formerly advised the murder. "Are you going to leave it all on our hands and expect to share the gold afterwards?"

"I don't want the gold, Hardy, you may keep it all; I shan't stay here. Look," he continued, pointing to the hill, "look there—my child!"

The men started. They had probably also formed some such similar links in their lives. They regarded their wives and children in no peculiar light; they looked on them probably as part of the ills incidental to this life, but a chord was struck when Morsfield suffered them to perceive the powerful yet mysterious agency created in his breast by the sudden appearance of one of those links which were to connect him, immediately perhaps, with another generation, and project his existence by this means into another and another age, until the thread became lost in the obscurity of time.

"Where is your child?" inquired one.

"Nonsense, she ain't here," said the other, glancing around him.

"No—there she is," replied Morsfield, as he hurried to go. His gaze rested upon the fallen man for an instant, and he perceived his eyes were wide open and fixed upon him with a steady determined gaze. It was evident that he had recovered, and he was only waiting his opportunity to rise. When the two men had stood up to look at Morsfield's child he was left free, and waiting one moment to recover strength, he at length bounded to his feet, and seizing the knife Morsfield had suffered to fall from his hands, he stood ready to set them at defiance. Seared and frightened by the incidents which had interrupted them in

the execution of their task, the two ruffians took to their heels and disappeared among the trees, leaving Morsfield and the stranger once more alone to occupy the ground.

Morsfield was drawn by an irresistible attraction towards his unconscious child; bending down over her, he raised her and took her upon his knees, and sought to restore animation by rubbing her little hands. The stranger stood at his side a moment, and then knelt down on the grass.

"Is your name Morsfield?" inquired he, in a low, trembling voice.

"Yes," replied the other, "it is. But never mind my name, I am ready to give myself up; I am a villain, and I have killed my child."

"No, no, she has only fainted—this will revive her;" and the stranger, exhausted as he was himself from what he had undergone, fetched water from the pool, in his hat, to bathe her face. "There, see, she is recovering. Morsfield, I am your brother!"

"Brother! No, it cannot be!" cried Morsfield, grasping hold of the stranger's hand; "you are not Robert?"

"Yes, I *am* Robert! It is not strange we did not recognise each other, for I am made old and bronzed with heat, and you are much altered."

"I am an old and wicked man," said Morsfield, covering his face with his hands, and for the first time for many a long year giving way to tears.

"No matter, Edward," said Robert, grasping his hand, "all will be well yet—repentance never comes too late. I recognised you in this way: as I lay on the ground in a weak, almost fainting, state, I heard your name, and a host of remembrances came thronging back upon me. I was in doubt for a moment or two, because you were at Colville when I left for India; but when the light of the lantern fell upon your countenance the long-forgotten features seemed gradually to re-appear, and I recognised you immediately. But come, give me Annie, and you take up my carpet-bag, and we will return to the cottage and talk over old times."

"Robert, Robert," murmured Morsfield, "I understand your kindness, but can you forgive me for what has this night happened?"

"On one condition, Edward," answered the brother, almost sternly; "that you never allude to it again by word, look, or sign. Come, give me your hand, we must do our best to make the poor child believe it was a dream."

What Edward Morsfield suffered at this moment none ever knew. His agony was inconceivable; the greatest torture a mind not utterly depraved can feel is to suffer

generosity from the hand of those it has attempted to injure. He spoke not a word, but silently resigning Annie into his brother's arms he gathered up the things that lay scattered about, and prepared to return home.

Our purpose is not with the numberless explanations into which each entered, we must watch the brief span of little Annie's life. Poor girl! no pains were needed to shut out the remembrance of that dreadful night. In that long shriek, her whole intellect seemed to burst forth. Her reason had given way, and no sign told of remembrance of the past or concern for the future. A slow fever consumed her day by day. She would gaze for hours into her father's countenance, and seem happiest reclining upon his knee, looking up silently into his eyes, with a sad, sweet, mournful, yet inquiring expression; but if ever a distant rumble of heavy cartwheels or any noise resembling thunder broke upon her ear, she would turn pale, start, and rush into her father's arms.

Robert Morsfield had returned with moderate wealth to England, and finding his brother averse to any other kind of life than that to which he had been accustomed, purchased for him a small annuity, and removed him to another village, far distant from the scene of his crimes. One year sped on; time hung heavily upon Morsfield's hands, so he undertook the office of sexton, and with Annie sitting silently near him he would work in the churchyard, now gazing wistfully at the withering form near him until tears overflowed his eyelids, now thinking with remorse and anguish upon the past. One consolation was his; though unconscious of all he could say to her, Annie lived—she was near him, he could feel her little arms steal endearingly round his neck, and smooth his now white hair, and nestle her cheeks against his breast. He could meet her gaze turned towards his, he could hear her irregular footsteps treading down the dry grass, which, in summer, scattered the ground of the churchyard. But even this happiness was not long his. A few months and all that he loved was gone. She breathed his name before she passed away, and spoke a few words which showed that consciousness had returned to her again for a few moments—then all was still! Summer comes and shall come again, the old man is still watching in the churchyard, but in vain he bends his ear and listens; no little footstep stirs the grass, no rustle is heard in the bushes, or if anything moves 'tis the breeze. It comes, it passes through the trees, it shakes the foliage, it makes the tall grass wave, but it is not the sweet sound that he heard before. Every spot is vacant to him, though full of

life. In vain his eye turns to the spot she used to occupy, it rests only upon her grave; in vain he seeks her deep blue eyes, they are closed; her voice is hushed, and the arms that once encircled his neck are cold, and nestling by her side in the tomb. Sunbeam after sunbeam gilds her grave, shower after shower washes the roses that bloom around it, but no light shines so brightly upon it as the light of love, with which his heart has hallowed it—no shower bedews it so frequently as the tears he lets fall. While the whole world is in motion, while nations are engaged in the vast affairs of state, while politics, and commerce, and navigation, and colonies engage the mind of the busy vast throng, one white haired man, separated utterly from the world, living only for the dead, stands through the winter and summer, watching a little spot of earth, one atom as it were of her remains but which contains what once was her all. Children have deserted him; he has forgotten friends, and his feelings are deadened utterly, except when awakened by a glance at his child's grave. But her death has wrought in him one change. Ere she died she spoke to him of Heaven, bade him hope for mercy and salvation through Jesus Christ, and taught him to confess his sins to the Almighty Father, and in humble faith to pray for their forgiveness; and the sentence that occurs most frequently to his recollection, and which exerts the most soothing influence over his soul, is that which says—"Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool."

L*****

LETTER FROM PARIS.

No. II.

Paris, July 20, 1847.

The revolutionary fêtes are in preparation, but few feel any longer any enthusiasm in the matter. All France is occupied in discussing the merits of an administration, notoriously supported only by the king, and a servile majority, which represents far less public opinion than our parliament before the reform bill. The enthusiasm with which Lamartine's republican speech at Mâcon is greeted, the constant comparisons made between the incorruptible men of the great revolution and the adventurers who now rule France, shows that everything is tending here to another change. It requires little penetration to discover that we are again on the eve of mighty events here, all arising from the contempt into which monarchy has

fallen through the corruption of its supporters. Meanwhile amusement is the order of the day with the light-hearted Parisians. Not content with the vast multitude of places of enjoyment already established, on Sunday the 25th a new *locale* will be opened, under the name of the *Jardin des Fleurs*, a kind of Paris Vauxhall. Situated near the Champs Elysées and the Triumphal Arch, and offering cheap amusement, it cannot fail to be successful. But let us rather indulge on the present occasion in some observations on monuments which concern the past.

Behind the magnificent church of the Madeleine is a street of the same name, which leads to an open space containing a chapel. During the French Revolution this was a field, and after the day of the 10th of August, 1792, when the monarchy fell before the populace, it was chosen as the burying place of the people and the Swiss, and others who fell on that memorable occasion. At a later period Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, were interred here in a common grave, as well as the Princess de Lamballe. As it was supposed the loyalty of the French nobles would induce them to seek the bones as relics, great care was taken to guard the locality, while an aristocrat, who lived in disguise near, and whose hotel overlooked the spot, took care after the days of the terror to mark the exact spot where lay the monarch and his haughty and disdainful spouse, whose unwise Austrian obstinacy caused so much of the misery of their time. When Louis the XVIII ascended the throne, or rather in the nineteenth year of his reign, as he absurdly calls it, forgetting the republic, the consulate, and the empire—*Donné à Paris, l'an de de grâce 1814, et de notre règne le dix-neuvième*, are his words—he ordained the erection of a chapel on the spot, where the bones of his relatives had reposed for three and twenty years. This monument is the work of Messrs. Fontaine and Percier. The principal entrance, through an alley of yew trees, sycamores, and cypresses, is in the form of an antique tomb; to the right of the vestibule is the porter's lodge, by showing your passport at which admission is at once given. A staircase conducts to a platform, on which is placed the chapel, and here with no monument above them but the green grass repose the three thousand republicans who perished on the 10th of August, with about an equal number of Swiss and *garde-du-corps*, with the officers of the *Maison du Roi*. The entrance to the chapel is decorated by a portico composed of two Doric columns, surmounted by a pediment, the whole chaste and simple. The interior is in the form of a cross, of which

those branches terminate in semicircles. In the centre, exactly over the spot where the bodies were found, is placed the altar, and in the lateral branches of the cross are statues to their memory. On the pedestal of the one is inscribed the will of Louis XVI, on the other the letter of Marie Antoinette to Madame Elizabeth. Behind each of these is a staircase leading to a subterraneous chapel. At the extremity, occupying the same spot as the bodies once filled, is an altar of grey marble, while behind stone walls in the thickness of the platform are the bones of the Princess de Lamballe and other unfortunate victims. Whatever the political opinions of the visitors, and surely no one could be less monarchical than ourselves, the feeling within this chamber of death is one of solemn awe, the more vivid because we stand in the midst of dust immortalised by history. When we reflect what power and greatness, what passions and feelings, what beauty and loveliness, are here huddled together in strange and gloomy companionship, the mind is singularly touched. There is here none of the tinsel frippery of grief which is seen at Père La Chaise; all is solemn, grave, silent as in history itself. Beside the gloss and garlands of show cemeteries it stands in magnificent relief. Speaking of Père La Chaise, we saw one tomb there in the poor division worth all the grand marble edifices which ostentatiously display family wealth. Beneath a glass case, before the grave of a child five years old, are collected by a mother's sacred hand, all the poor babe's toys, some whole, some broken, but there they are, little trifles, once the world of a merry little soul, now still, unmoved, untouched, but speaking gushing sorrow to the lone heart that daily weeps upon that solitary tomb. In that great city of the dead there is not another such a memorial as this. What joy, passed and gone, what sunny days and blighted hopes, what a history of love crushed in the bud, is thus simply chronicled! It speaks that the bereaved luxuriate in their sad memories.

In quite a different quarter of the town, in the Rue Mathurin St. Jacques, the visitor to Paris will find two other objects of great curiosity. These are the Hôtel de Cluny, an hotel of the fourteenth century, and the ruins of the Palais des Thermes, two vast halls, all that remain of the famous residence of Julian the Apostate. It is supposed to have been built by Constance Chlore, grandfather of Julian the Apostate, between the years 292 and 306. All that remains of this curious monument of antiquity is a large hall composed of two continuous parallelograms, forming together but one apartment. The

largest is sixty-two feet in length and forty-two in breadth; the smaller is thirty feet by eighteen. The vaulting, which rises to the height of forty-two feet above the soil, is constructed of bricks and stone, cemented by that peculiar mortar known only to the Romans, and for which modern ingenuity has not yet found a substitute. This hall, with its three arches and lofty vault, are all that a lapse of fifteen centuries has left us of the baths and palace which once served for the residence of the Roman Emperors. This monument was inhabited by a cooper in the year 1819, and purchased as well as roofed by the government for the double purpose of preserving it from further ruins, and converting it into a museum of antiquities. The Hôtel de Cluny, Rue des Mathurins St. Jacques, 14, built in 1505, is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The vault of the chapel rests on a single column of exquisite workmanship. The statues which adorned the front have been destroyed, but the delicately wrought niches still remain. This edifice, built on the site, and with the materials of the Palais des Thermes, is now a museum, and is undoubtedly one of the most curious places in Paris. It is full of articles of furniture, armour, &c., of the middle ages, and may be visited quite free on Sundays, and on Wednesdays and Fridays by ticket or passport.

While we are upon the subject of antiquities, we cannot but recommend the visitor to penetrate that dirty quarter behind the Place du Chatelet, and stand beneath the desecrated but splendid gothic tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie. The church itself, built a thousand years before the tower, exists no longer, though within its vaults lie the famed Nicolas Flamel, and the *accoucheur* of Catherine de Medici. This splendid monument stands now alone, frowning from its summit two hundred feet above the level of the ground upon the old clothes' shop of the market below, and busily engaged in making shot to send men out of the world. This desecration of a tower which is so worthy of preservation is a disgrace to the city of Paris, which a slight outlay might rail round and preserve a splendid monument, and be amply repaid by exacting a gratuity from those who wish to ascend to its summit and see all Paris at their feet. The foreigners alone who would do so would bring no small revenue. But no; the bourgeois who govern these things are dead to all sense of the beautiful. The dirty, mean, cow-pen wooden railings which surround the Louvre at its extremity, the tumble-down aspect of the unfinished Place de la Carroussel, and all *à propos* of a miserable quarrel be-

tween Louis Philippe and the Hôtel de Ville, is another crying disgrace.

The Hôtel de la Reine Blanche, Rue du Foin St. Jacques; the Hôtel de Brunoy, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 49; the Hôtel Berghese, No. 39; the Maison des Carreaux, Rue des Bourdonnais, No. 11; are all hotels curious as specimens of ancient and modern architecture. There is also the Hôtel d'Osmond, Rue Basse-du-Rempart, No. 3, built by Brongniard; the Hôtel de Rohan Montbazou, Rue de Béthizé, No. 18, where Gaspard de Coligny was murdered during St. Barthelemy—one of the memories which made the revolution bloody; the Hôtel de Mirabeau, Rue de Seine, No. 6; the Hôtel de Sully, Rue St. Antoine, No. 143; the Hôtel Talleyrand, rue St. Florentine, No. 2, are curious as connected with great names; the Hôtel de Sens, Rue de Figueur, No. 1, was inhabited by the Chancellor of Francis I; in the Hôtel St. Aignan, Rue St. Avoine, No. 57, the great Montmorency died in 1567.

La Tour de St. Jean de Latrine, Place Cambrai, Rue St. Jacques, is a most curious morsel of antiquity, supposed to have been part of a palace built by Clovis. But to the novice on the continent, the churches will be one of the greatest objects of curiosity. As with all their faults the French priests—and heaven knows they are shortsighted and bigoted enough—they have not discovered the art of making penny shows of sacred edifices, *à la St. Paul's*; the traveller, therefore, from six o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, can freely examine their beauties every day. Their splendour is great. Of Notre Dame, so ably pictured by Victor Hugo, it is unnecessary to speak. For splendour, the Madeleine and St. Roch are unrivalled. They are both one mass of gold, carving, and pictures; and as works of art are worthy of the warmest admiration.

The visitor has, we think, now some work carved out for him, and if he really wish to see them as they should be seen, so that he may remember something more than the mere outward appearance, he will have occupation for several days.

P.

P.S.—In our next, we shall give a true and particular account of the interior of the Hôtel de Cluny, with some account of its history,

SONG OF THE BLUE DEVILS.

From the gloomy Northern Sea,
Where starving bears growl plaintively,
Where the giant icebergs go,
Slowly nodding to and fro,
Swiftly we come.

O'er blasted heath, by caverned shore,
By ruined hut, or barren moor,
O'er many a scene of mortal hate,
Pleasant spots made desolate,
Silent we roam.

On the wind, whose dismal howl
Freezes up the wanderer's soul,
Searching to his very bones,
Mocking him with uncouth moans,
Unseen we fly.

By the lonely gallows tree,
Where felon bones swing drearily,
Where carrion crows by day alight,
And the hooting owl by night,
Our course we bend.

In forest dark of thick grown pines,
Where the sunlight never shines,
When the wild storm the dried twig strows
Mid bending stems and sighing boughs,
Whole nights we spend.

In churchyard, vault, and charnel-house,
Where the fat old worms carouse,
Where dead men's bones uncounted lie,
And battered skulls grin horribly,
Brooding we sit.

O'er darkling pool in depth of wood,
Where malignant vapours brood,
Where plants of death grow to excess,
And hemlocks thrive to stateliness,
Well pleased we flit.

Through mighty cities in the night,
Where hushed is roaring traffic's night,
When drizzling rain, or driving sleet,
Falls in the dull deserted street,
Softly we steal.

When fire dwindles in the grate,
And fancies fill the dreamy pate,
Oftentimes, in still of night,
We visit man—alas! poor wight
That doth our power feel.

REVIEWS.

Marmaduke Herbert; or, the Fatal Legacy.
A Novel, founded on fact. By the Countess of Blessington. In 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1847.

This novel displays a great amount of talent; it is written in the most vigorous style, and a powerful interest is at once created, which is well and ably sustained. One recommendation it possesses lies in the fact that it is distinguished from the general run of the novels of the present day by the absence of sentimentality. It does not obtrude upon the reader descriptions of dinner-parties and ball-rooms, introduced in some instances only to persuade the public that the writer has figured at them. Such books are very agreeable, no doubt, to young ladies reclining at their ease upon sofas, and ready to be pleased and gratified with any fiction under the face of heaven; but they are sickly food for the general reader. To the young they seem new, but the more experienced novel-reader naturally seeks for something more original than a dinner flirtation, a ball-room mishap, or a toilette reflection. The novel before us turns upon a fearful catastrophe, the occurrence of which near the commencement of the work poisons, as it was intended it should, our enjoyment throughout, and rouses a painful sensation which mingles strangely with whatever gratification we may receive. We feel, while the prospect of the greatest happiness is sketched out before us, that a gloomy shadow lowers across the level plain, that with the perfume of the sweetest flowers is mingled the damp unwholesome atmosphere of death, that enter where we will, into bower or hall, the pale shadow of a murdered girl stands in the threshold pointing to her unwilling murderer and warding off perfect happiness from his path all through life. The interest thus created, painful as it is, is still calculated to arouse intense feelings of curiosity. There is a power of fascination in things of this kind. Our eyes involuntarily turn towards any object which pains us, and therefore possesses the power of moving our souls. "Marmaduke Herbert" is therefore sure of success. Public curiosity once excited will be gratified. The style of the narrative involuntarily reminds us of the story of Caleb Williams, and this is because, though the events are of a different character, the incidents upon which the interests of the stories turn resemble each other. It is not the actual crime or fault which can be said to be similar, but the fact of the concealment of the fault. The mere commission of the error in the present instance would not have led to the same results. The con-

cealment of the first step, instead of withdrawing the hero from his painful position, naturally only flings him still more deeply into it. One error leads to the commission of another, and, unhappy himself all through life, he renders others equally so. The domestic miseries which gradually overtake him from the days of his courtship of the sister of the poor girl of whose death he had been the innocent cause, and constitute a portion of his punishment for his unintentional crime, are most ably drawn, and do infinite credit to the Countess of Blessington's powers of delineation. The present novel is, we think, one of the best of her productions. There are no lengthy digressions. The story is told well and briefly, so that we scarcely ever feel that a superfluous incident is introduced. Once, in the early portion of the novel, this occurs; but it is a slight fault, and we do not therefore insist more strongly upon it. There are, however, one or two remarks which we feel ourselves called upon to make respecting the delineation of some of the characters. We can allow a great deal of license to the author who is engaged in the task of bringing before us a woman educated in the camp, brought up with officers, and accustomed to their mode of life. We feel that she runs the chance of becoming mannish, even coarse; that some of the delicacy of her sex will be rubbed off. But Lady Blessington has in Mrs. Scuddamore passed far beyond the mark. Her character is not well drawn, because it is inconsistent. She appears at first under very different auspices to what she does afterwards. The woman in real life could not have lost sight of her feminine characteristics so wholly as she did, or adopted the cool imperturbability only pardonable in a man, which she manifests. But even supposing this allowable, it does not agree with her kind and gentle care of her niece on the first occasion when she is introduced to us. Nor has Lady Blessington at all accounted for her change of manner so abrupt and incomprehensible. It seems as though the adventure had been intended to be prolonged, but had been accidentally cut short. Another objection we have to make is, that our authors frequently enters into details upon the subject of the dead body, which would look far better in the columns of a newspaper than in the pages of a three-volume novel. They are shocking, to our taste; our feelings are revolted, and only at such times do we turn with abhorrence from the pages. There is an excess of brutality in the manner of the man, too, who brings tidings of the body, which is exaggerated in the extreme. Besides, it was unnecessary; and as the messenger had no reference to the story, it could only have been

introduced for the sake of producing a startling effect. It is intended to harrow up our feelings the more, by witnessing how our hero's conscience reproaches and upbraids itself during the scene in which he is compelled to behold the sufferings of his wife and mother, while listening to the man's dreadful details. But by a little art, a better effect might have been produced, without the introduction of the messenger's speeches. Besides the few faults we have hinted at, there is nothing at which we can have any cause for murmuring. The story is powerfully told, and scattered through the work are many graphic scenes and many beautiful passages. As a specimen of both, we extract the following:

"At length I reached the opening of the cavern; I entered it, and laid down the lantern, which cast its faint but lurid light on the grotesque rocks around. A sickening dread stole over me at the thought of the change which six months must have effected in the corpse I was about to touch, and I drew back with instinctive disgust and horror at the task I had to fulfil. Nevertheless, that task must be performed, however loathsome, however appalling the operation might be; and I moved towards the opening of the inner cavern, with the intention of drawing out the body, when the loud hooting of the owl so startled me, that I nearly fell to the earth. Ashamed of my pusillanimity, I once more approached the spot, knelt down, and, though shuddering while I did so, drew forth the corpse by the feet. At that moment a huge bat flew against the lantern which I had placed on a projecting rock, upset it, and extinguished the light. For some time I felt unable to move, and almost incapable of thinking; my hand still clasping the icy feet. At length I recovered myself sufficiently to grope in the direction in which the lantern had fallen; and, after a considerable time spent in searching for it, I found it, and struck a light with a tinder box, which I had fortunately put into my pocket in fear of accident. I dared not look on the face of the dead. The shawl I had wrapped around it still enveloped it, and most thankful was I that I was spared the horror of beholding its altered state. I commenced digging a grave, large drops of perspiration dropping from my forehead, while with the pickaxe I endeavoured to loosen the compact earth, to enable the spade to penetrate it. While I thus laboured, huge bats were continually flitting around me, and from time to time the screech owls sent forth their lugubrious cries. I dug deep into the earth, and, though ready to drop with fatigue from the hard and unusual labour, I desisted not until I had penetrated some five feet beneath the surface. I then, averting my

head while I did so, raised the body in my arms. Its extreme lightness astonished me, but the cause was revealed when the shawl, accidentally falling aside, exposed one of the arms and hands of the deceased; owing, I suppose, to some peculiar quality in the earth or air in which the corpse had rested, it had become dried up like those of a mummy. Though shocked at beholding the withered, discoloured limbs, it was less dreadful than to see it in an advanced state of decomposition, as I expected, and emitting that fearful odour which marks the decay of mortality. Nothing of this assailed my olfactory nerves, and I was grateful to Providence for being spared it. I placed the matting as a lining in the grave, and then descending with my lifeless burden, using as much tenderness towards it as if it were still susceptible of feeling, I placed it gently in its last earthly resting-place and read the burial-service over it. The sound of my own voice as I pronounced the words of that sacred and touching service powerfully affected me; no human accent gave the response, but the birds of night shrieked diabolically while I prayed. I then covered the corpse with a piece of matting, and commenced filling up the grave with the earth I had previously dug, shrinking during the operation at the thought that the cloak and matting alone intervened between the corpse and the clay I was shovelling over it. I would have given heaps of gold, had I possessed them, to have had a coffin in which to place the cold remains—but this was not possible; and although I shuddered at every spadefull of earth I threw into the grave, I nevertheless continued my painful labour until the floor of the cavern resumed its former appearance. I then strewed dust over the spot, and arming myself with the pickaxe, spade, and lantern, bade a sorrowful farewell to it. Never shall I forget that night! An unusual stillness prevailed—unbroken save by the occasional bark of some cottager's dog, or the cry of some bird of night. Scarcely a breeze moved the leaves of the high trees, whose long shadows fell like giants across the road, in some parts so close as to exclude the light. I hurried on through this solitude, my own footsteps sounding so loud as to startle me, and the beating of my own heart making itself audible. Sometimes a low sighing, or murmuring of the heavy branches of the trees, moved by an occasional gust of wind dashing down through some deep ravine from the mountains, striking my ear with so sad a sound that my superstitious forebodings connected it with a supernatural warning of the danger of my mother, and I would hurry more rapidly than before, until, breathless and exhausted, I was com-

pelled to rest for a few minutes. Those fitful gusts of the night wind, followed again by a long stillness, had something so inexpressibly solemn and imposing in them, that they made me shudder; and when some mountain torrent rushed down the precipitous path it had formed for itself, leaping wildly from crag to crag, and dashing its white foam around, I felt as if it were some mysterious agent endowed with power, from which I wished to escape, and again I hurried on until out of hearing of its deafening noise. Then blaming my unmanly weakness, I would turn back for a moment by the dark and funeral mountain pines, and the next instant, breaking into light its white masses, like huge heaps of snow, falling from some Alpine height into the valley beneath, with the sound of a mighty flood; and angry with myself for even the momentary delay, I would resume my rapid pace, while the fresh mountain air failed to cool my fevered brow or burning lip. At length the spire of the village church near my home became visible, its little vane shining brightly in the moonlight. Often in the days of my childhood had it guided my path home from the rambles I delighted in; and now, weary and fainting, I hailed it with an emotion that brought tears into my eyes. I trembled violently as I approached the house. I longed, yet I dreaded, to pass its threshold, to know my fate. All my future happiness seemed to hang on the answer that awaited the question my tremulous lips refused to utter: 'Have I still a mother?' A death-like silence reigned around. The garden gate was unlatched, and I stealthily entered it, and passing through parterres of flowers that looked snowy white beneath the beams, and whose fragrance filled the air, I approached the door, lifted the latch, hurried through the hall, and into my mother's chamber. There, reclined on her bed, the curtains drawn aside, and four large waxen candles throwing their flickering light on her pallid face, I beheld the dead. One cry escaped my agonised breast, and I fell to the ground as if bereft of life."

On the Management of the Skin as a Means of Promoting and Preserving Health. By ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S., Consulting Surgeon to the St. Pancras Infirmary, and Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology in the Middlesex Hospital. Second Edition. London: Churchill. 1847.

This work, with a not very attractive title, will, however, repay the attentive perusal of the most inconsiderate person. It is written by a man eminently qualified both by talents and position to form cor-

rect ideas on the subject, and he has developed with singular skill and clearness the immense effect which the skin has upon the general health of the whole body. He has divided the work into distinct portions, and describes without technicalities the peculiar methods to be used in order to preserve a healthy condition. After two very curious and important chapters on the scarf or outer skin, and the scaline skin, our author proceeds to give us an account of the perspiratory system. Every common observer may verify the truth of this chapter. One fact, however, is told, with which we were previously unacquainted: it is this:—Instances have been known of persons who have been preserved from dying for want of food, by being bathed in milk, when the free passage from the mouth to the stomach has by any chance been stopped. The chapter on the hair is exceedingly curious, and is full of very interesting particulars; among others Mr. Wilson gives an account of some instances of people being covered all over with hair. He says Schenckines and Ambrose Pare have left accounts of cases in which the entire body was covered with hair; and Daniel Turner, quoting from Peter Mesias on the authority of Damascenes, relates that upon the confines of Pisa, near the Holy Rock, a child was born all over hairy, from the mother's unhappy ruminating, and often beholding the picture of John the Baptist, hanging by her bedside, drawn in his hairy vesture. Ruggiero published in 1815 the account of a woman twenty seven years of age, who was covered from her shoulders to her knees with black soft woolly hair, like that of a poodle dog. In the last embassy to Burmah, in 1829, a man was seen at Ava, who was completely hairy from head to foot. On his face, ears, and nose, the hair was eight inches long, and on the breast and shoulders four or five inches. Another remarkable instance of a similar kind is mentioned by Fry in his travels, as having been witnessed in a fakir, the hair on whose breast measured four elis. A French physician, Ollivier, writing recently, narrates the case of a young lady, remarkable for the fairness of her skin and beauty of her deep black hair, who was the subject of a fever, and while recovering, perceived the whole surface of her body to be in a state termed goose-skin. In a few days, the little elevations looked dark at the summit, and were surmounted each by a short black hair, which grew very speedily, so that at the end of a month every part of her body, with the exception of her face, the palms of her hands, and the soles of her feet, was covered with a short hairy coat, of about an inch in length. Eble narrates, that dur-

ing the reign of Maria Theresa, a woman who served in the army for many years as a hussar, and rose to the rank of captain, had a strong moustachio. The latter is not so rare, for numerous instances may be observed daily. In the chapter on the influence of diet on the health of the skin, Mr. Wilson gives a direct proof of the plan upon which he wrote the work, we mean as to its intelligibility. Instead of entering into a long medical statement, he puts his meaning into a few brief and clear sentences, and uses the terms most prevalent in society. He justly tells, that the state of the health of the patient may well be judged by the skin; if it be uncomfortably warm or cold, then there is something wrong in the system. Erasmus Wilson uses the plain words, "agreeable and disagreeable." There can be no doubt but that diet has a material effect upon the health of the whole body. Nothing tells so rapidly as the food we eat, whether high or low. The rule which our author lays down is this, that we should endeavour "*by food, by raiment, by exercise, and by ablution, to maintain and preserve an agreeable warmth of the skin.*" Everything above this is suspicious, everything below noxious and dangerous." He enters minutely into every particular, dwells with much precision on the various different qualities of clothing, and gives ample directions. Indeed, throughout the whole work, Erasmus Wilson gives evidence of his thorough knowledge of the whole medical art. In a simple treatise on the skin he has elaborately explained much of our physical structure. We should recommend this work to every parent, for in it he will find ample directions for all outward disorders. We consider that our author has conferred a boon upon the public; he has not superficially glanced over the surface of the subject, but on the contrary has entered into it with all the zest of an enthusiast, and he displays throughout a perfect knowledge of his subject. Our readers must not, however, mistake us; it is not a dry medical work, on the contrary, it can be read by every one with much pleasure and instruction. There is nothing in it but what may be easily understood by those who will take the trouble. Nothing has been forgotten, from the treatment of freckles to the most severe disorders; our author throughout displaying, that by simplicity of writing the medical art can be much easier understood.

Cold and Consumption. By Henry C. Deshon, M.D., &c. London, Henry Renshaw, 356, Strand.

This is a remarkable volume, fresh in its style, and original in its treatment of that subject which can never become trite

among us—consumption. The opening chapters succinctly and most clearly express the rise and climax of the fatal malady. They are detailed by a scientific hand; while the proofs of our being "fearfully made" are elicited with much moral tone and emphasis. In a scientific treatise the literary reviewer's part is with the effects deduced; the more recondite causes are with propriety left to the scientific student. Medical men can startle us at times, even more than the imaginative: as thus—"There flow to the human lungs every minute nearly eighteen pints of air, and nearly eight pints of blood; and in twenty-four hours upwards of fifty-seven hogsheads of air are inhaled, to oxygenate twenty four hogsheads of blood!" The signs of the insidious disease are traced with a careful pen, and, what is so often wanted in similar treatises, in intelligible language. The enormous "army of martyrs" to decline is seldom dwelt upon by us in our closets, yet "It is computed that one-half of the deaths in England and Wales arise from diseases of the chest, and 60,000 from pulmonary consumption. A fourth of the inhabitants of London, a fifth of Paris, and a sixth of Vienna." The talented author adduces his own experience in cases remarkably verified and supported by a cloud of authorities for the cold remedial: the reader will peruse this portion with strong interest: his arguments are natural, and we feel them conclusive—the conviction is felt over prejudice itself. One very noticeable fact we must insert: "Wherever agues are frequent, pulmonary consumption is rare. In the low, undrained fens of Lincolnshire the disease was of infrequent occurrence; since their drainage, it has unquestionably been on the increase." We have many female readers, we flatter ourselves. They will thank us for the information that, "Upwards of 30,000 English women died in one year of the malady of decline. Will not this impressive fact induce persons of rank and influence to set their countrywomen right in the article of dress, and lead them to abandon a practice which disfigures the body, strangles the chest, and has an unquestionable tendency to implant the hectic malady in the frame?" The folly and even wickedness of sending off the dying to Madeira to die, is excellently well given by Dr. Deshon: if his volume deter but one more patient from finding his grave there, it would not have been written in vain. The subject is indeed of vital importance; it is dwelt on with becoming earnestness, and with a calm, philosophical tone of inquiry. The plan of "inhalation" must be consulted by his reader; it would be unjust to subject it to the unfair ordeal of contraction, as also

other remedials proposed by him, and confirmed by certain experience. The volume concludes with a just-decided case of consumption, so very remarkable in its treatment and cure by himself, that we confidently recommend it to the attention and remembrance of the medical student; and we close a volume, as cheaply as it is neatly got up, with a strong feeling of respect for the large mind and original views of the talented author. His book will form the foundation stone of his reputation as a physician, and humanity as a man.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Mr. Editor,—I am glad that you have given a commencement to the reaction against the worship of song; though I fear, as long as the world is made up of little minds, your efforts will be vain. I have just, however, remarked a passage in an exquisite little book, of which I offer you a literal translation. Count Xavier de Maistre, author of "*Voyage autour de ma Chambre*," says, "I would, in passing, offer a few words of remark on the question, whether the art of painting or music should hold preeminence: yes, I should like to place something in the balance, were it but a grain of sand, an atom. It is said in favour of painting, that it leaves something behind, that its representations live and eternalize its memory. It is said, in answer to this, that composers leave operas and concerted pieces; but music is the slave of fashion, painting is not. Those pieces of music which moved our ancestors are ridiculous for the amateur of our days, and they are inserted in the opera buffa to make the descendants of those who wept at them laugh. The pictures of Raphael will enchant our posterity as much as they ravished our ancestors. There is my grain of sand. 'But what matter is it to me,' said one day Madame de Hautcastel, 'that the music of Cherubini or of Cimarosa differs from that of their predecessors? What matters it, if antique

music makes me laugh, or that the new tenderly touches the soul? Is it necessary to my happiness that my pleasures should resemble those of my defunct ancestors? Why speak of painting, an art understood but by few, while music enchants all natures?' I know not exactly what might be said in reply to this observation, which I did not expect when I commenced this note. If I had expected it, I should not have undertaken this dissertation. Now, do not take this for the trick of a musician. I am not one, upon my honour; no, I am no musician; I call heaven and those who have heard me play the violin to witness!" Belonging to a profession which requires more head and more trial of the soul than even painting, I am a disinterested judge: but a word for the many. Thousands in this age of half education despise the efforts of literary men, and think that to write, especially fiction, is an easy thing; while these very thousands worship at the feet of a songstress, who enervates and lowers their mental powers. Of these thousands, perhaps, half could sing as well if they tried, their pipe being properly shaped, but not one could even imagine the subject of a work requiring thought. To try the mind of your musical genius, so much cried up, let one of them come down from their tinsel pedestal, and produce something which shall move the soul. Oh, that mine enemy would write a book! I recollect a very silly production of a very great actress—a certain tour in America,—about as foolish a thing as ever was penned, but quite in keeping with the minds of such persons in general. There are great exceptions. But like many other great people of the earth, your mighty singing geniuses are but sorry imitations of beings invested with the real divine fire, that burns for the glory and good, and not the enervation of the world. A fiddling, singing, and dancing nation never was a great one, save that in all countries it is a few bright exceptions which make its fame, and these alone are above such frailties, the common lot of millions elsewhere.

Yours truly,

P.